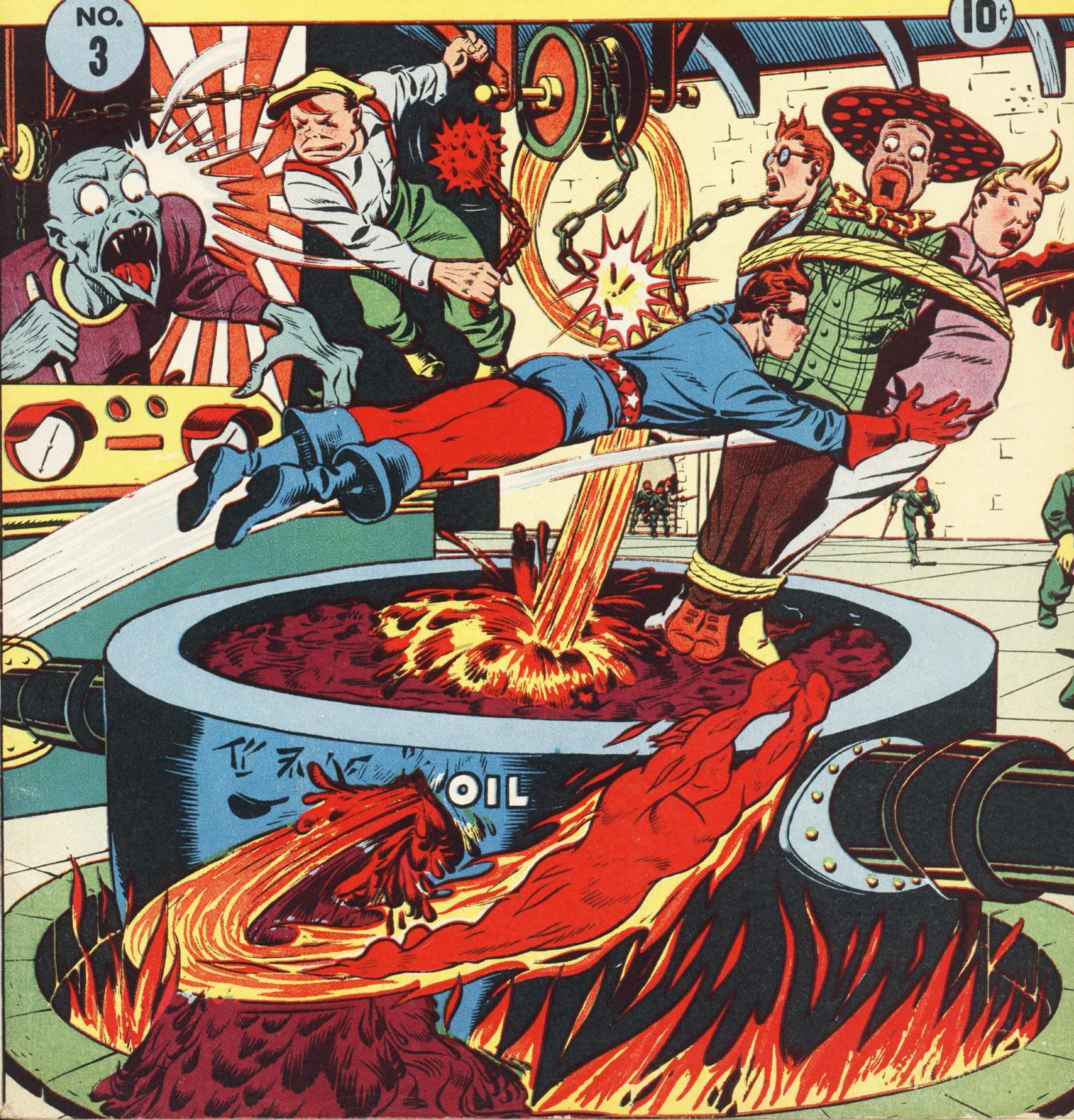
KID KOMICS

THE YOUNG ALLIES FEATURED IN

NO. 3

10¢



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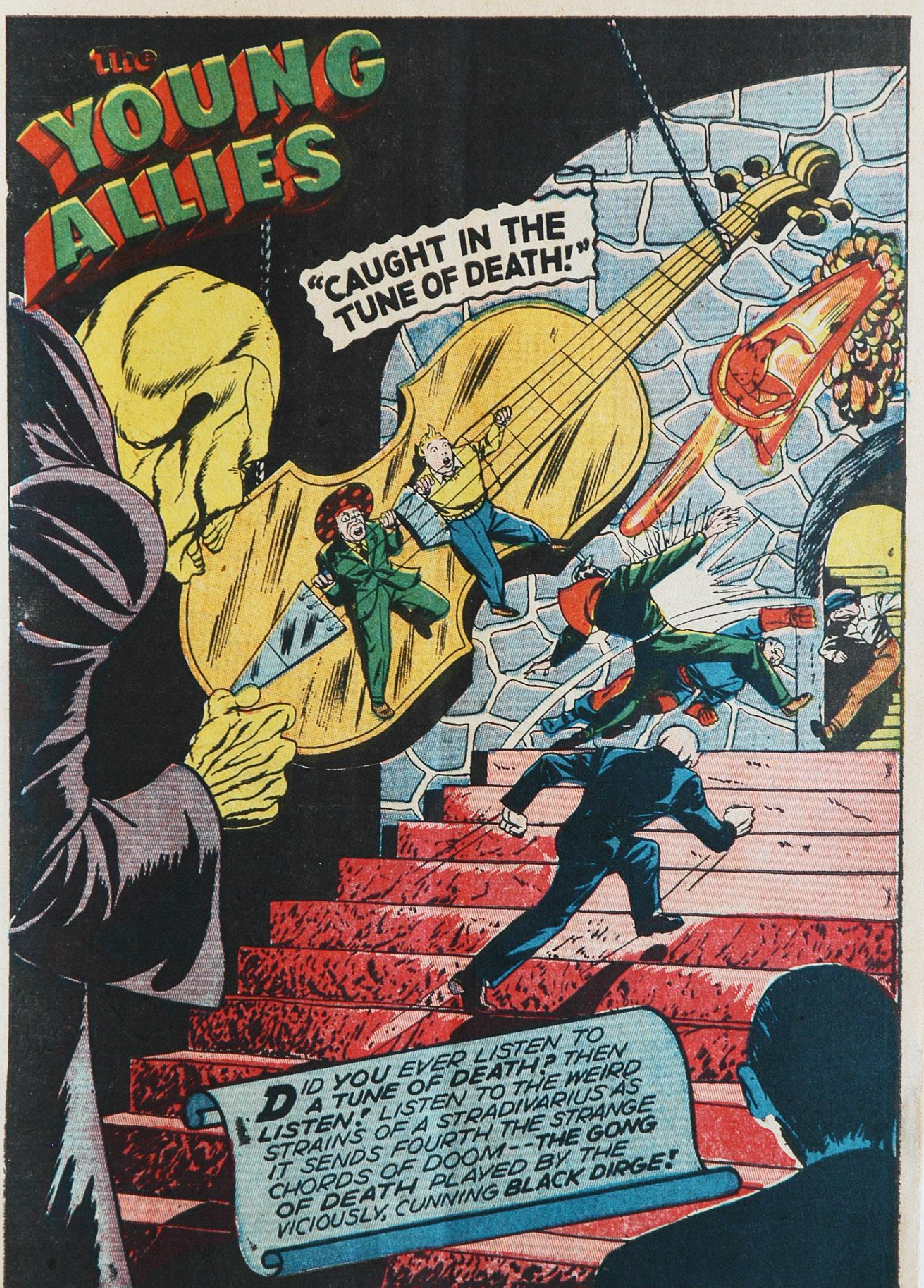
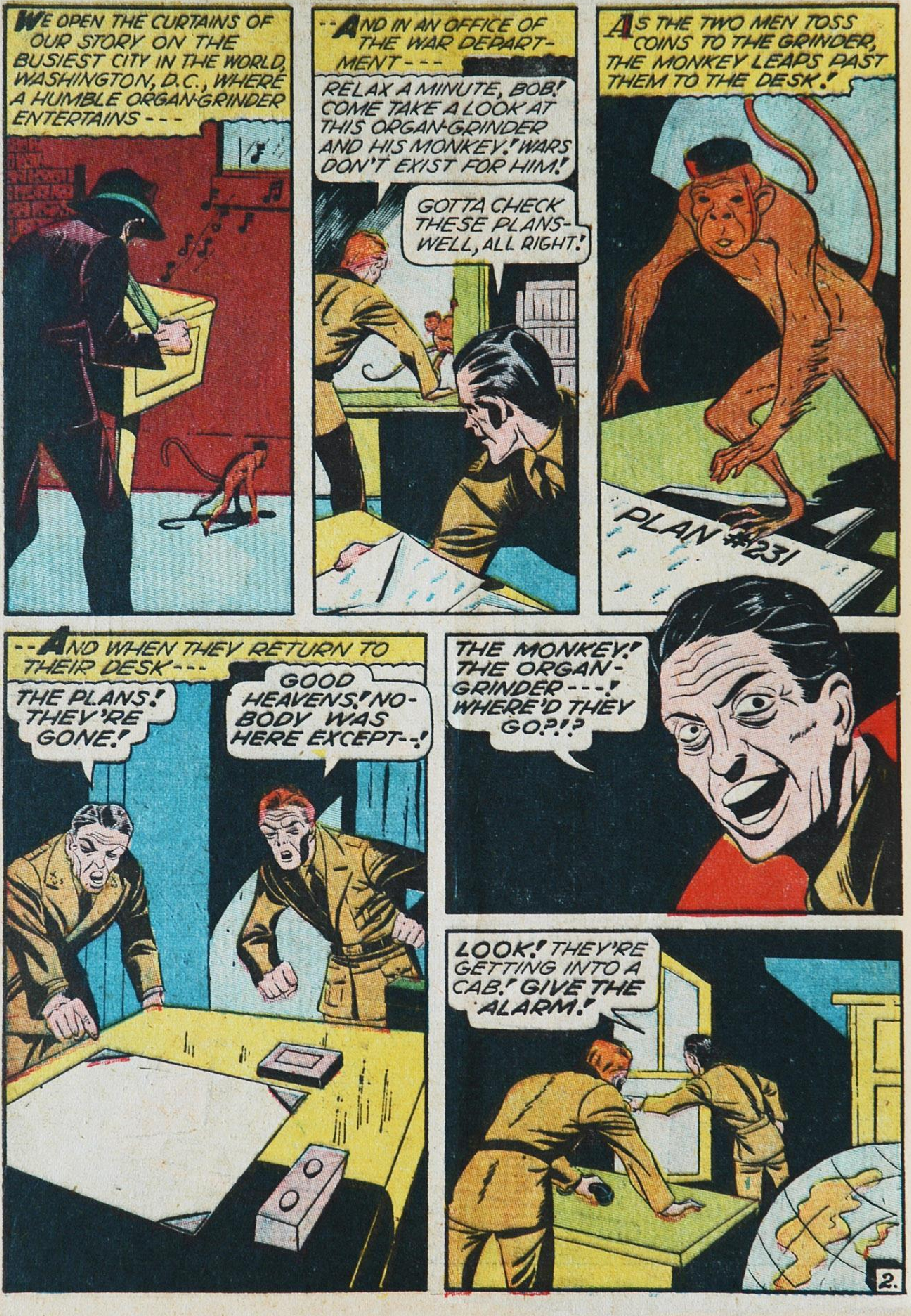
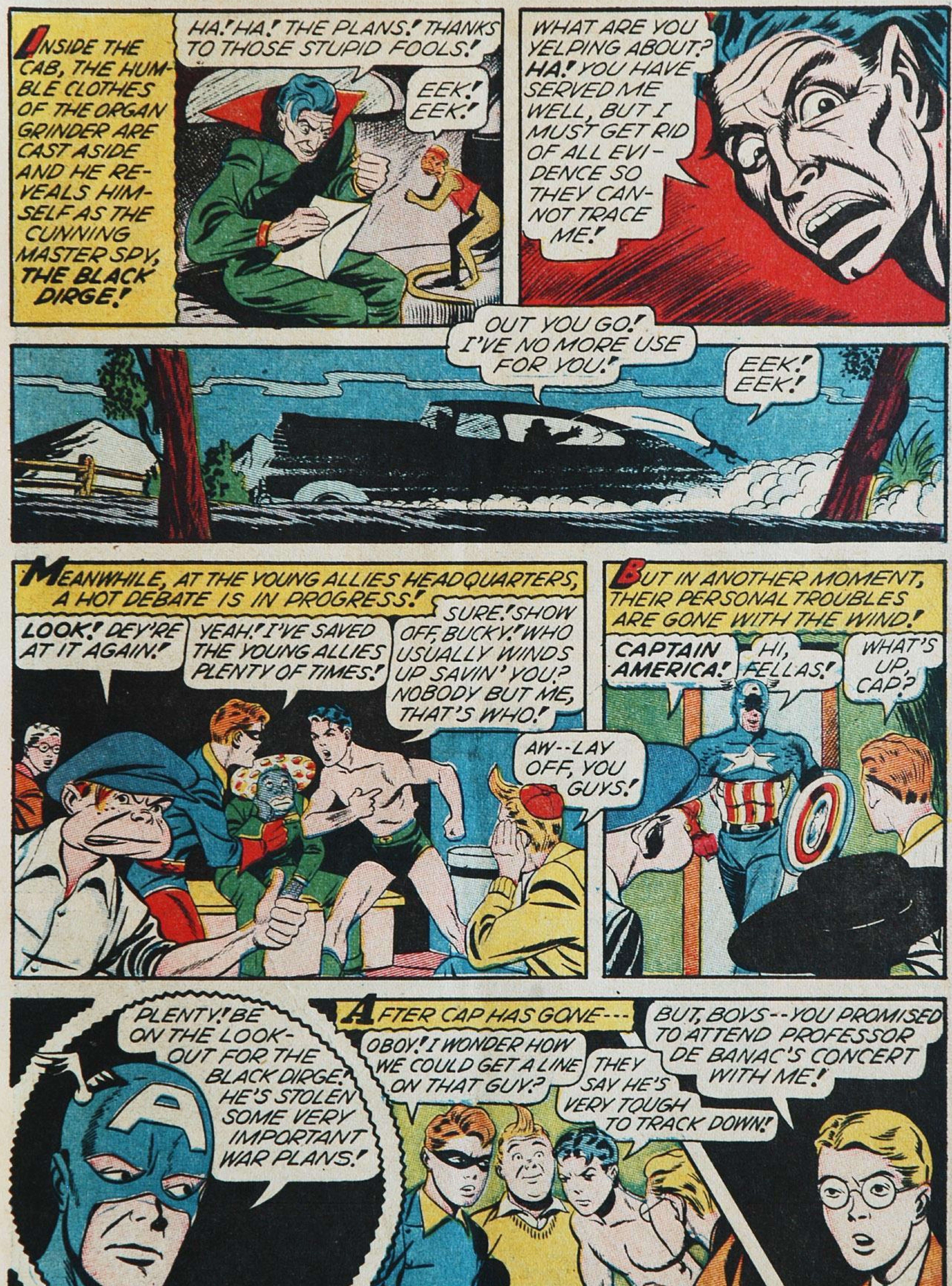
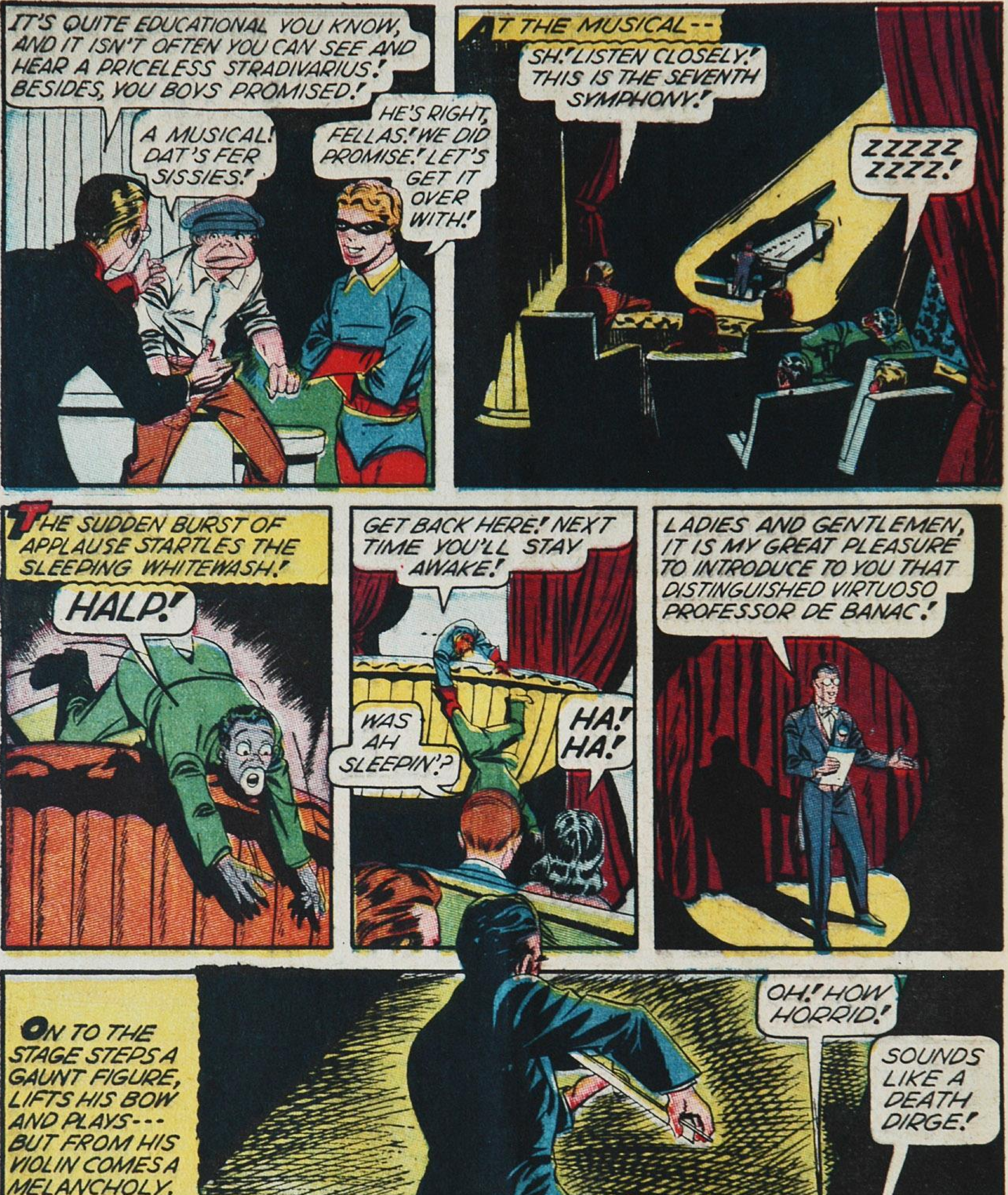
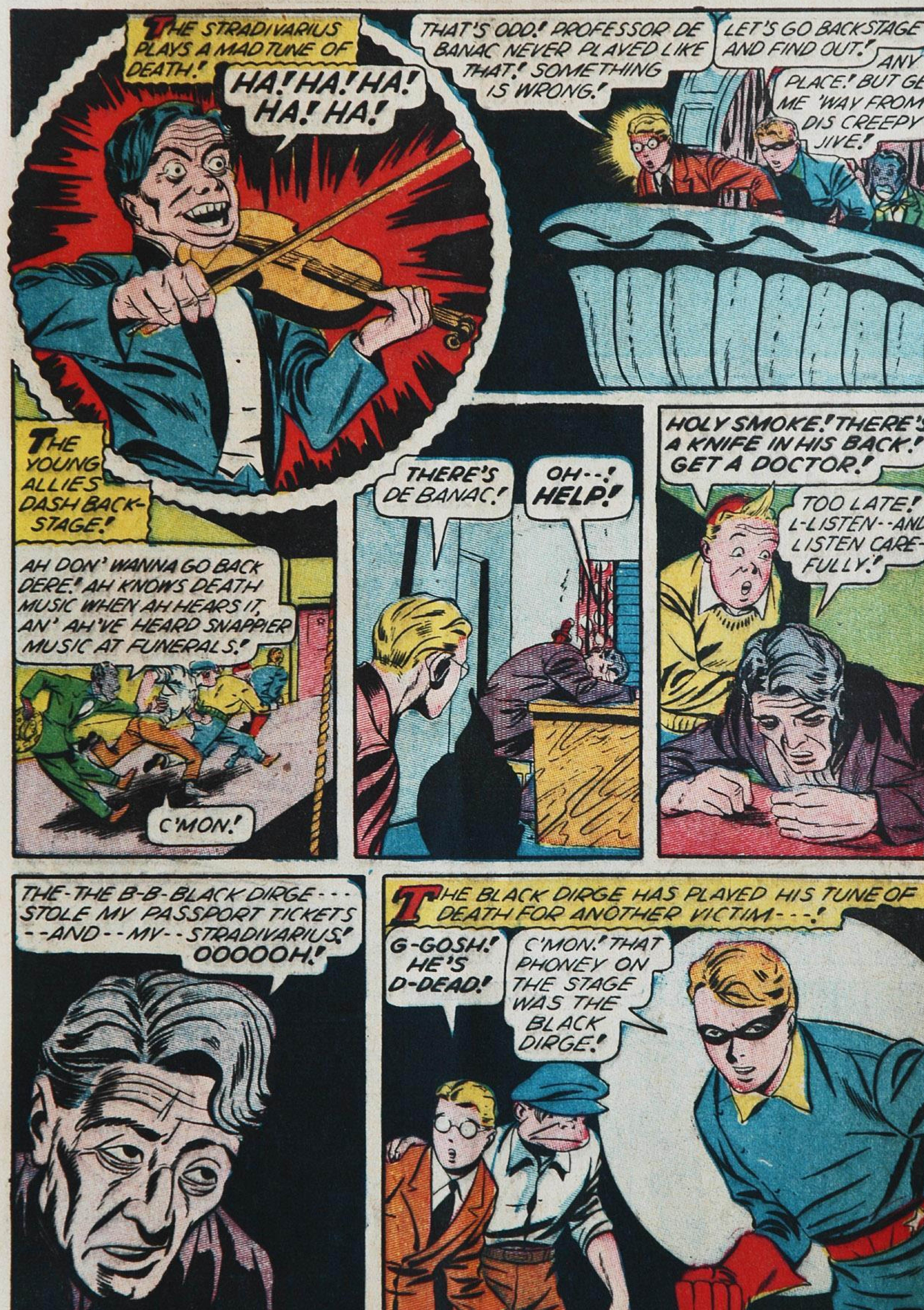
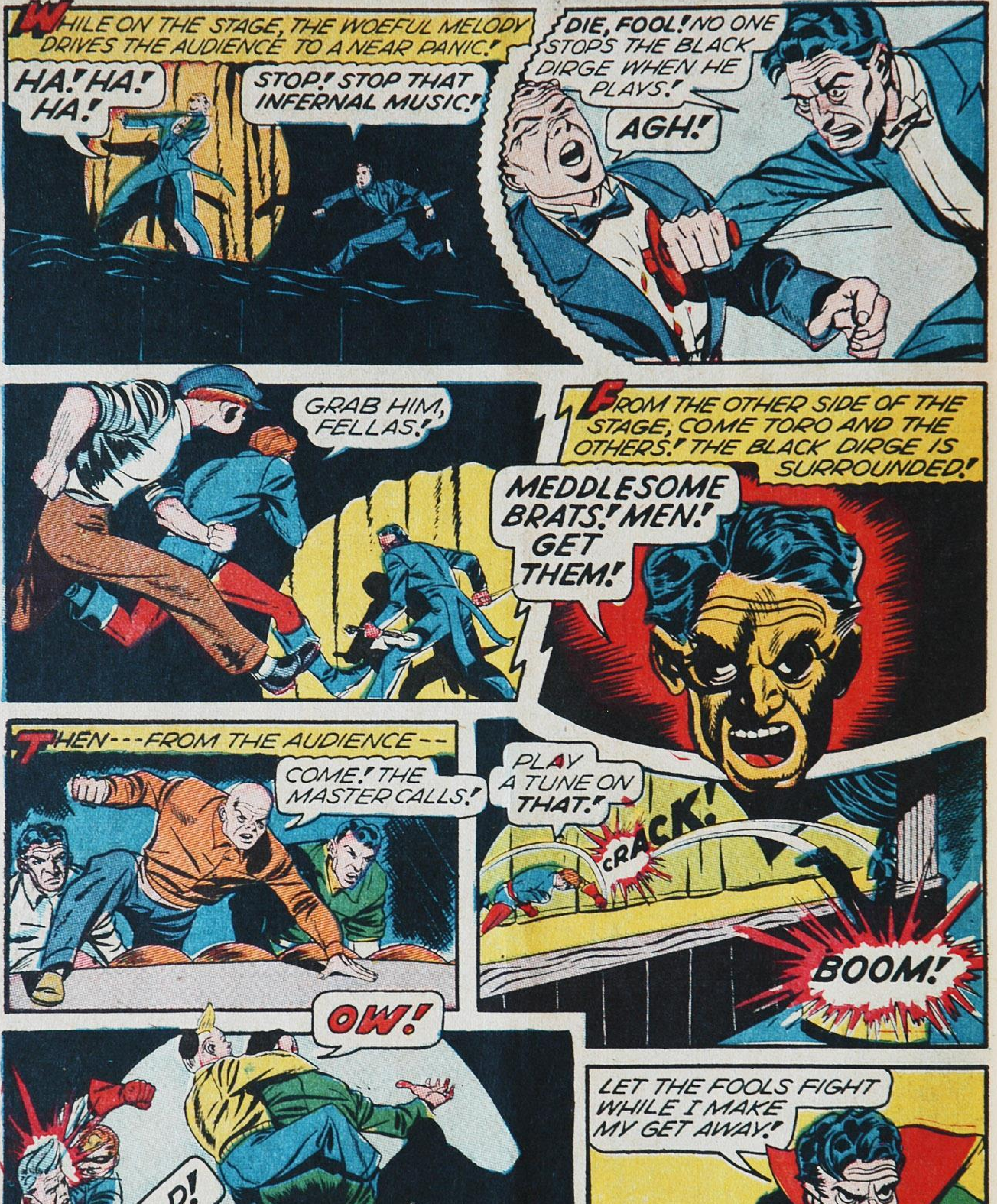

The YOUNG ALLIES
"CAUGHT IN THE TUNE OF DEATH!"
DID YOU EVER LISTEN TO A TUNE OF DEATH? THEN LISTEN! LISTEN TO THE WEIRD STRAINS OF A STRADIVARIUS AS IT SENDS FOURTH THE STRANGE CHORDS OF DOOM--THE GONG OF DEATH PLAYED BY THE VICIOUSLY, CUNNING BLACK DIRGE!

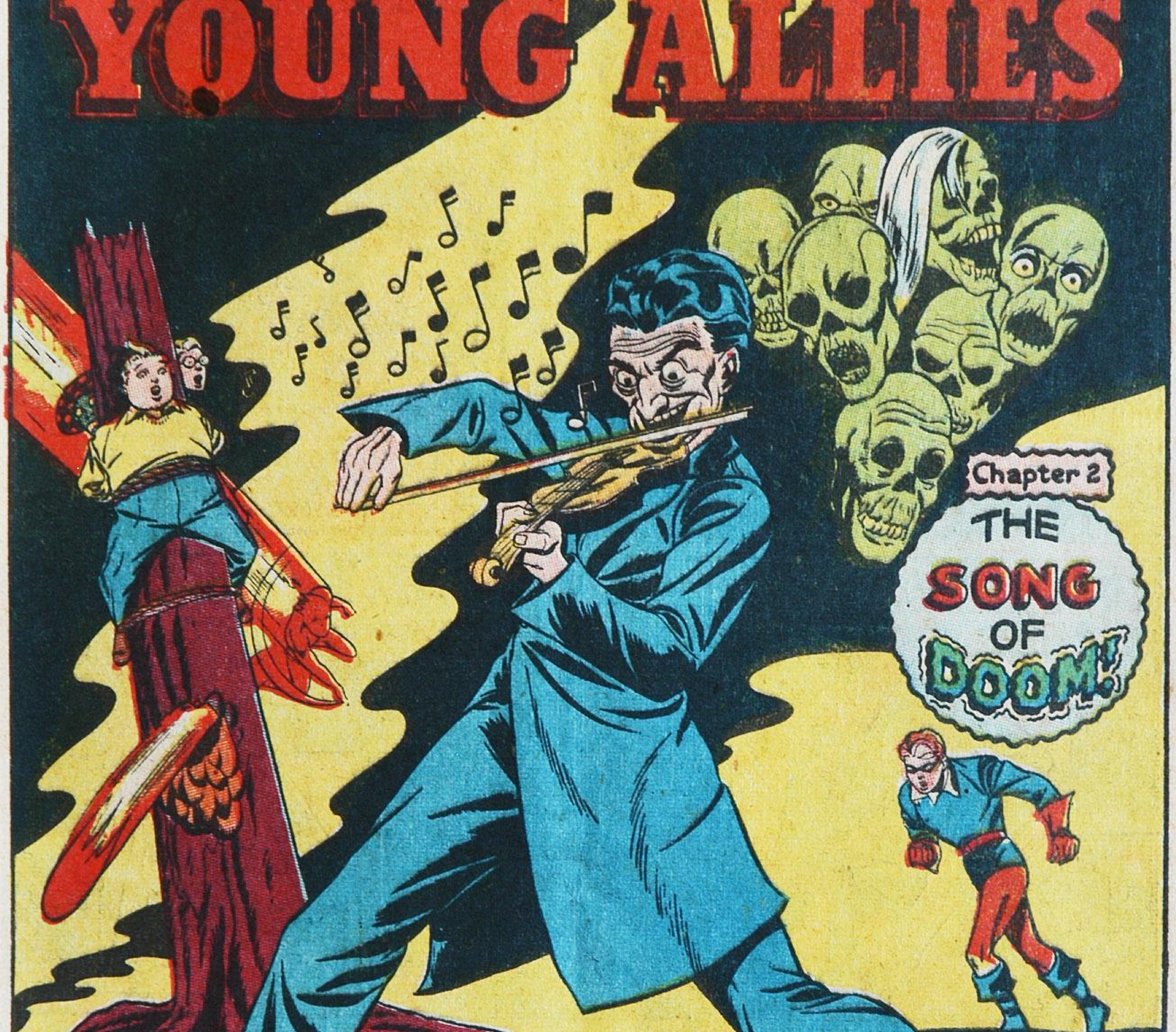

WE OPEN THE CURTAINS OF OUR STORY ON THE BUSIEST CITY IN THE WORLD, WASHINGTON, D.C., WHERE A HUMBLE ORGAN-GRINDER ENTERTAINS---
--AND IN AN OFFICE OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT---
RELAX A MINUTE, BOB! COME TAKE A LOOK AT THIS ORGAN-GRINDER AND HIS MONKEY! WARS DON'T EXIST FOR HIM!
GOTTA CHECK THESE PLANS-WELL, ALL RIGHT!
AS THE TWO MEN TOSS COINS TO THE GRINDER, THE MONKEY LEAPS PAST THEM TO THE DESK!
PLAN #231
--AND WHEN THEY RETURN TO THEIR DESK---
THE PLANS! THEY'RE GONE!
GOOD HEAVENS! NOBODY WAS HERE EXCEPT--!
THE MONKEY! THE ORGAN-GRINDER---! WHERE'D THEY GO?!?
LOOK! THEY'RE GETTING INTO A CAB! GIVE THE ALARM!

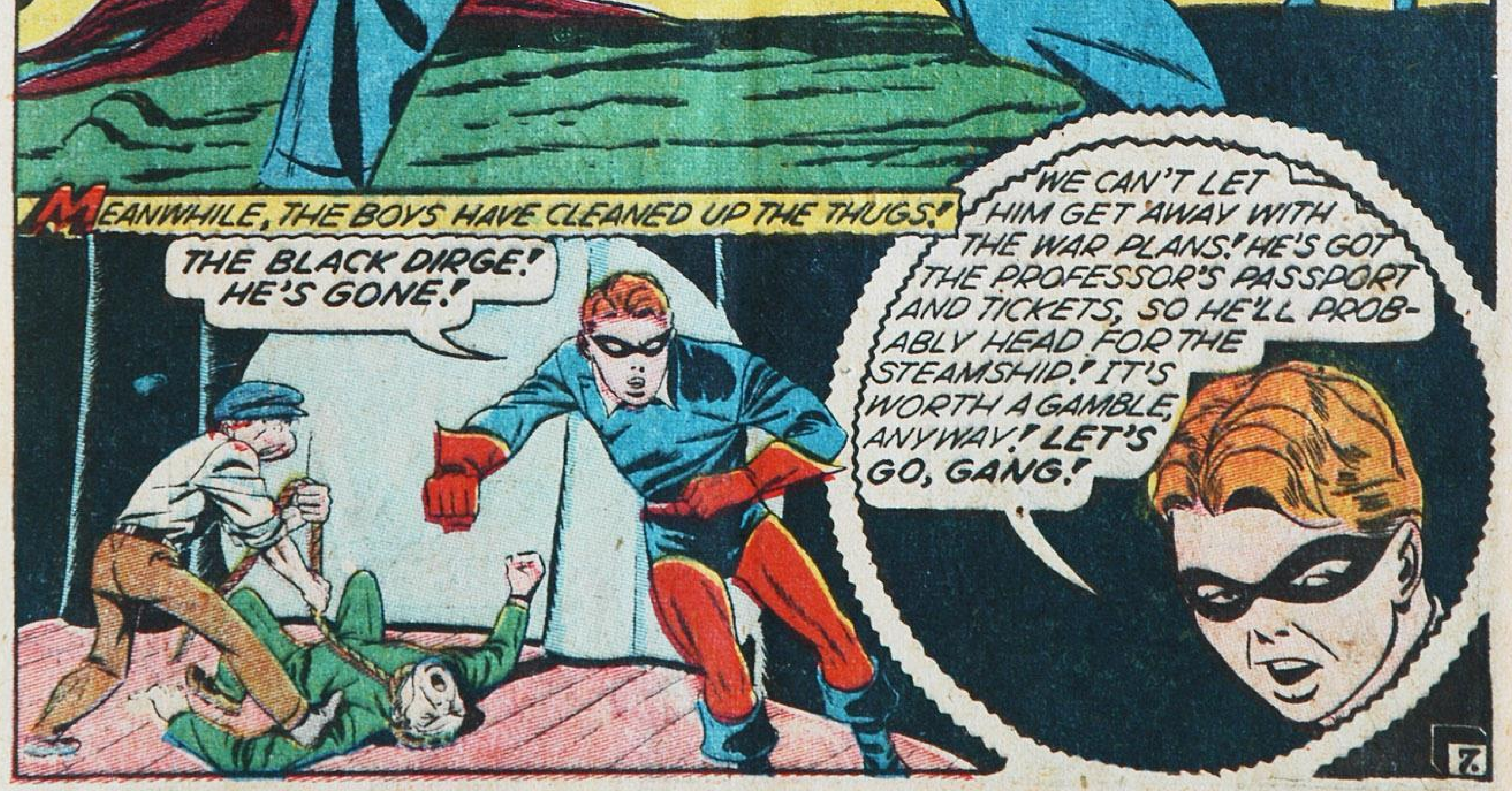

INSIDE THE CAB, THE HUMBLE CLOTHES OF THE ORGAN GRINDER ARE CAST ASIDE AND HE REVEALS HIMSELF AS THE CUNNING MASTER SPY, THE BLACK DIRGE!
HA! HA! THE PLANS! THANKS TO THOSE STUPID FOOLS!
EEK! EEK!
WHAT ARE YOU YELPING ABOUT? HA! YOU HAVE SERVED ME WELL, BUT I MUST GET RID OF ALL EVIDENCE SO THEY CANNOT TRACE ME!
OUT YOU GO! I'VE NO MORE USE FOR YOU!
EEK! EEK!
MEANWHILE, AT THE YOUNG ALLIES HEADQUARTERS, A HOT DEBATE IS IN PROGRESS!
LOOK! DEY'RE AT IT AGAIN!
YEAH! I'VE SAVED THE YOUNG ALLIES PLENTY OF TIMES!
SURE! SHOW OFF, BUCKY! WHO USUALLY WINDS UP SAVIN' YOU? NOBODY BUT ME, THAT'S WHO!
AW--LAY OFF, YOU GUYS!
BUT IN ANOTHER MOMENT, THEIR PERSONAL TROUBLES ARE GONE WITH THE WIND!
CAPTAIN AMERICA!
HI, FELLAS!
WHAT'S UP, CAP?
PLENTY! BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE BLACK DIRGE! HE'S STOLEN SOME VERY IMPORTANT WAR PLANS!
AFTER CAP HAS GONE---
OBOY! I WONDER HOW WE COULD GET A LINE ON THAT GUY?
THEY SAY HE'S VERY TOUGH TO TRACK DOWN!
BUT, BOYS--YOU PROMISED TO ATTEND PROFESSOR DE BANAC'S CONCERT WITH ME!


IT'S QUITE EDUCATIONAL YOU KNOW, AND IT ISN'T OFTEN YOU CAN SEE AND HEAR A PRICELESS STRADIVARIUS! BESIDES, YOU BOYS PROMISED!
A MUSICAL! DAT'S FER SISSIES!
HE'S RIGHT, FELLAS! WE DID PROMISE! LET'S GET IT OVER WITH!
AT THE MUSICAL--
SH! LISTEN CLOSELY! THIS IS THE SEVENTH SYMPHONY!
ZZZZZ ZZZZ!
THE SUDDEN BURST OF APPLAUSE STARTLES THE SLEEPING WHITEWASH!
HALP!
GET BACK HERE! NEXT TIME YOU'LL STAY AWAKE!
WAS AH SLEEPIN'?
HA! HA!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IT IS MY GREAT PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU THAT DISTINGUISHED VIRTUOSO PROFESSOR DE BANAC!
ON TO THE STAGE STEPS A GAUNT FIGURE, LIFTS HIS BOW AND PLAYS--- BUT FROM HIS VIOLIN COMES A MELANCHOLY, EERIE MELODY, AS THE AUDIENCE SHIVERS IN DREAD FEAR OF THE HAUNTING CONCERTO!
OH! HOW HORRID!
SOUNDS LIKE A DEATH DIRGE!

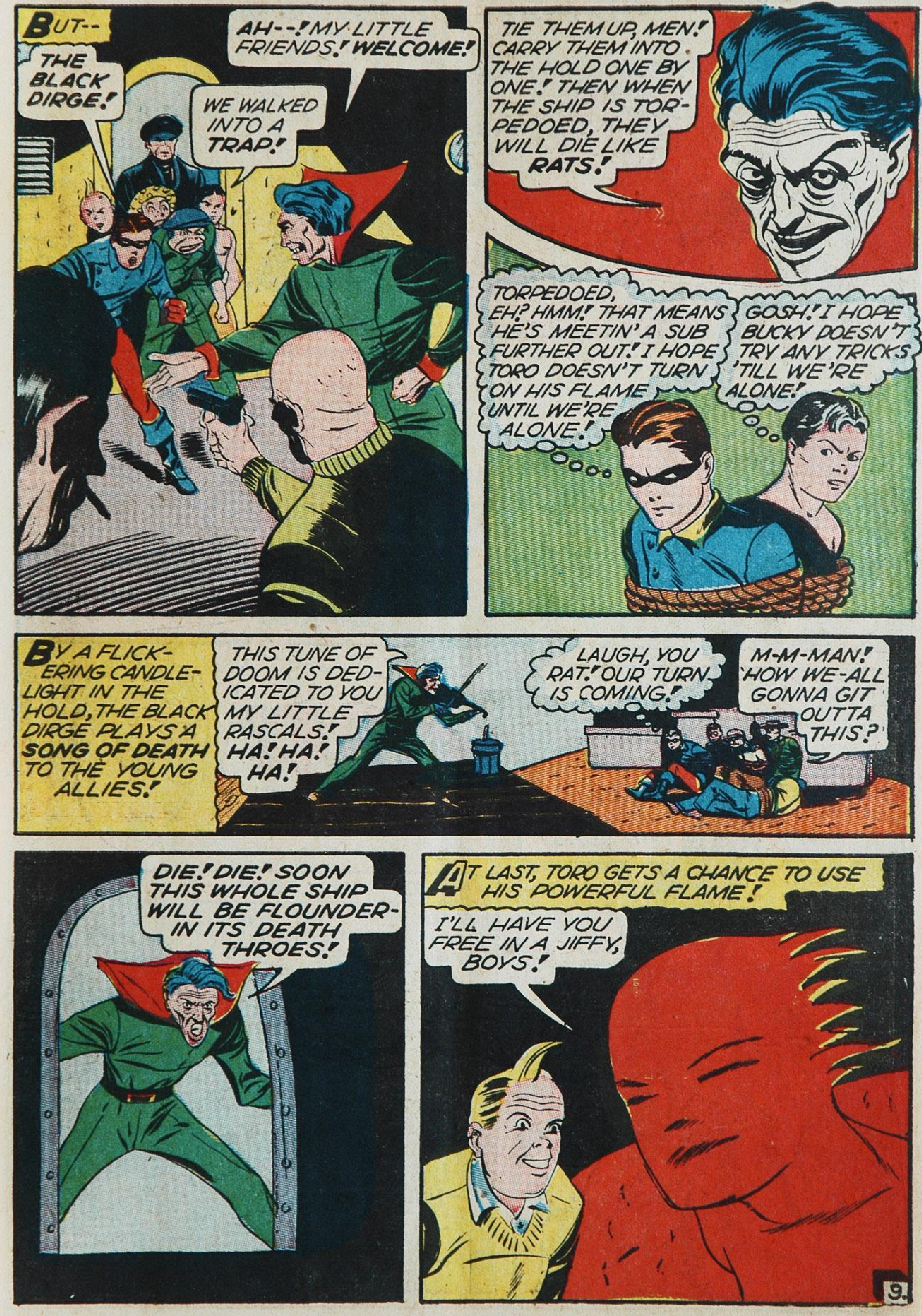

THE STRADIVARIUS PLAYS A MAD TUNE OF DEATH!
HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!
THAT'S ODD! PROFESSOR DE BANAC NEVER PLAYED LIKE THAT! SOMETHING IS WRONG!
LET'S GO BACKSTAGE AND FIND OUT!
ANY PLACE! BUT GET ME 'WAY FROM DIS CREEPY JIVE!
THE YOUNG ALLIES DASH BACK-STAGE!
AH DON' WANNA GO BACK DERE! AH KNOWS DEATH MUSIC WHEN AH HEARS IT, AN' AH'VE HEARD SNAPPIER MUSIC AT FUNERALS!
C'MON!
THERE'S DE BANAC!
OH--! HELP!
HOLY SMOKE! THERE'S A KNIFE IN HIS BACK! GET A DOCTOR!
TOO LATE! L-LISTEN--AND LISTEN CARE-FULLY!
THE-THE B-B-BLACK DIRGE--- STOLE MY PASSPORT TICKETS --AND--MY--STRADIVARIUS! OOOOOH!
THE BLACK DIRGE HAS PLAYED HIS TUNE OF DEATH FOR ANOTHER VICTIM---!
G-GOSH! HE'S D-DEAD!
C'MON! THAT PHONEY ON THE STAGE WAS THE BLACK DIRGE!


WHILE ON THE STAGE, THE WOEFUL MELODY DRIVES THE AUDIENCE TO A NEAR PANIC!
HA! HA! HA!
STOP! STOP THAT INFERNAL MUSIC!
DIE, FOOL! NO ONE STOPS THE BLACK DIRGE WHEN HE PLAYS!
AGH!
GRAB HIM, FELLAS!
FROM THE OTHER SIDE OF THE STAGE, COME TORO AND THE OTHERS! THE BLACK DIRGE IS SURROUNDED!
MEDDLESOME BRATS! MEN! GET THEM!
THEN---FROM THE AUDIENCE--
COME! THE MASTER CALLS!
PLAY A TUNE ON THAT!
CRACK!
BOOM!
OW!
HALP!
LET THE FOOLS FIGHT WHILE I MAKE MY GET AWAY!

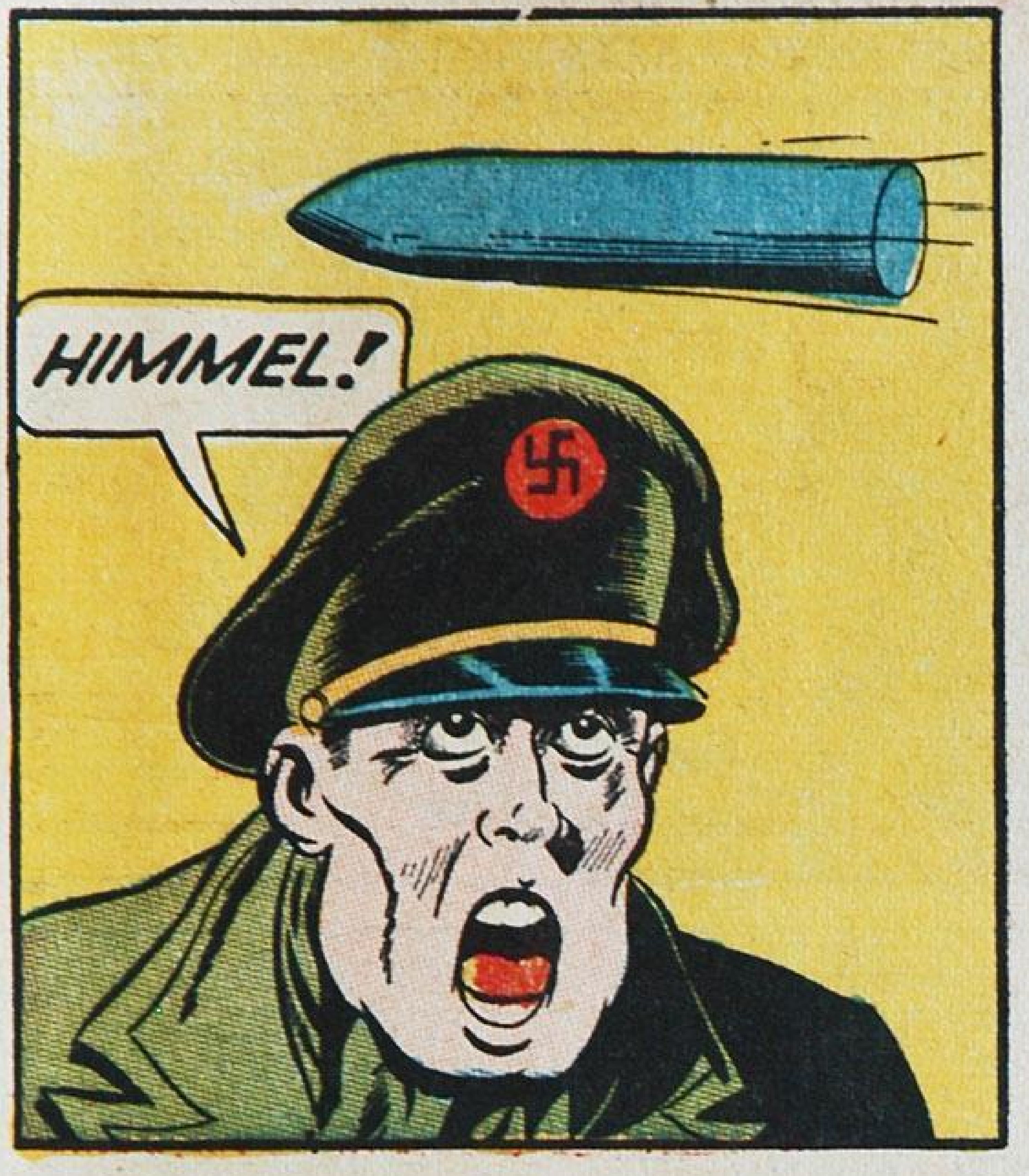

YOUNG ALLIES
Chapter 2
THE SONG OF DOOM!

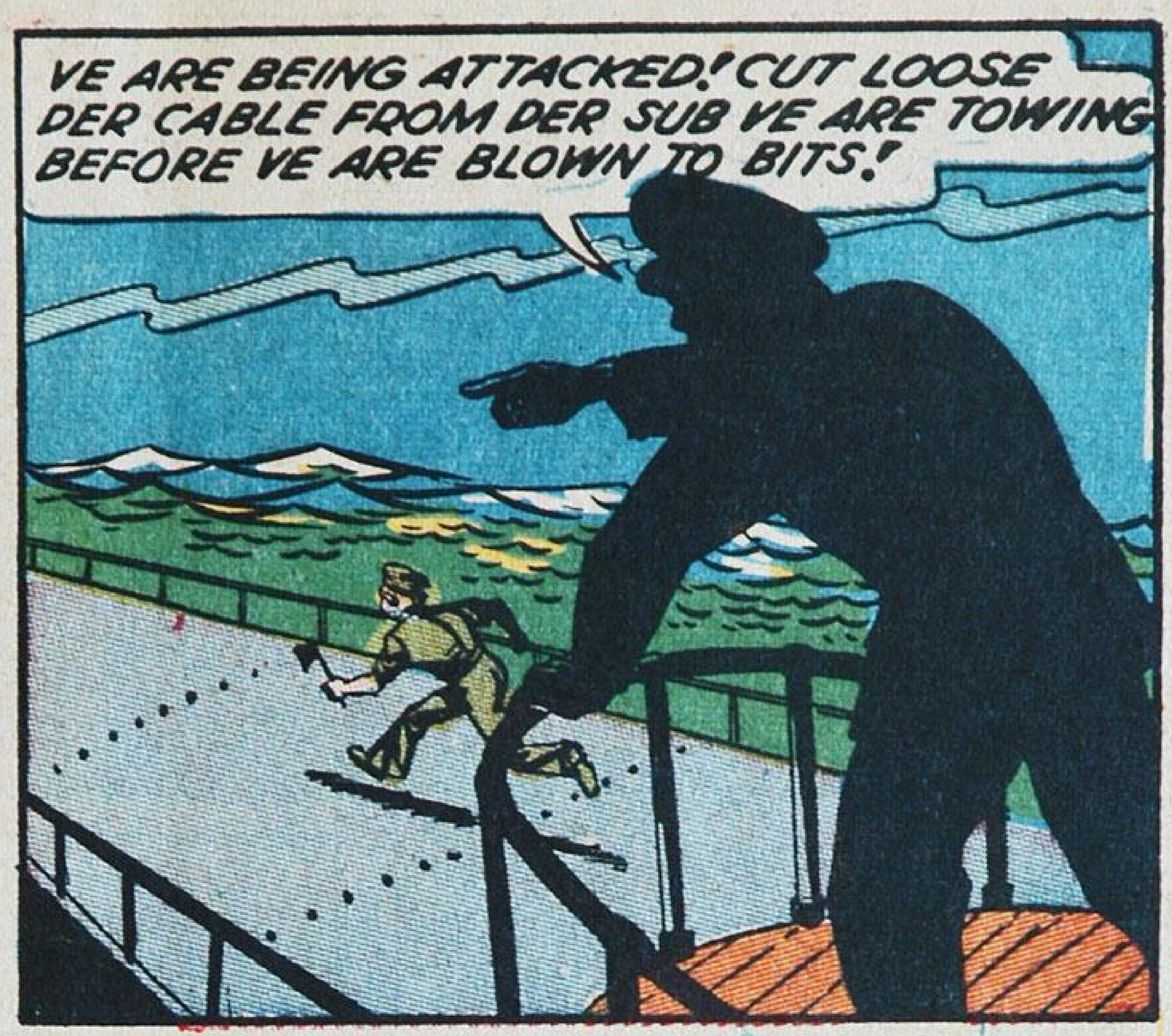

MEANWHILE, THE BOYS HAVE CLEANED UP THE THUGS!
THE BLACK DIRGE! HE'S GONE!
WE CAN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THE WAR PLANS! HE'S GOT THE PROFESSOR'S PASSPORT AND TICKETS, SO HE'LL PROBABLY HEAD FOR THE STEAMSHIP! IT'S WORTH A GAMBLE, ANYWAY! LET'S GO, GANG!

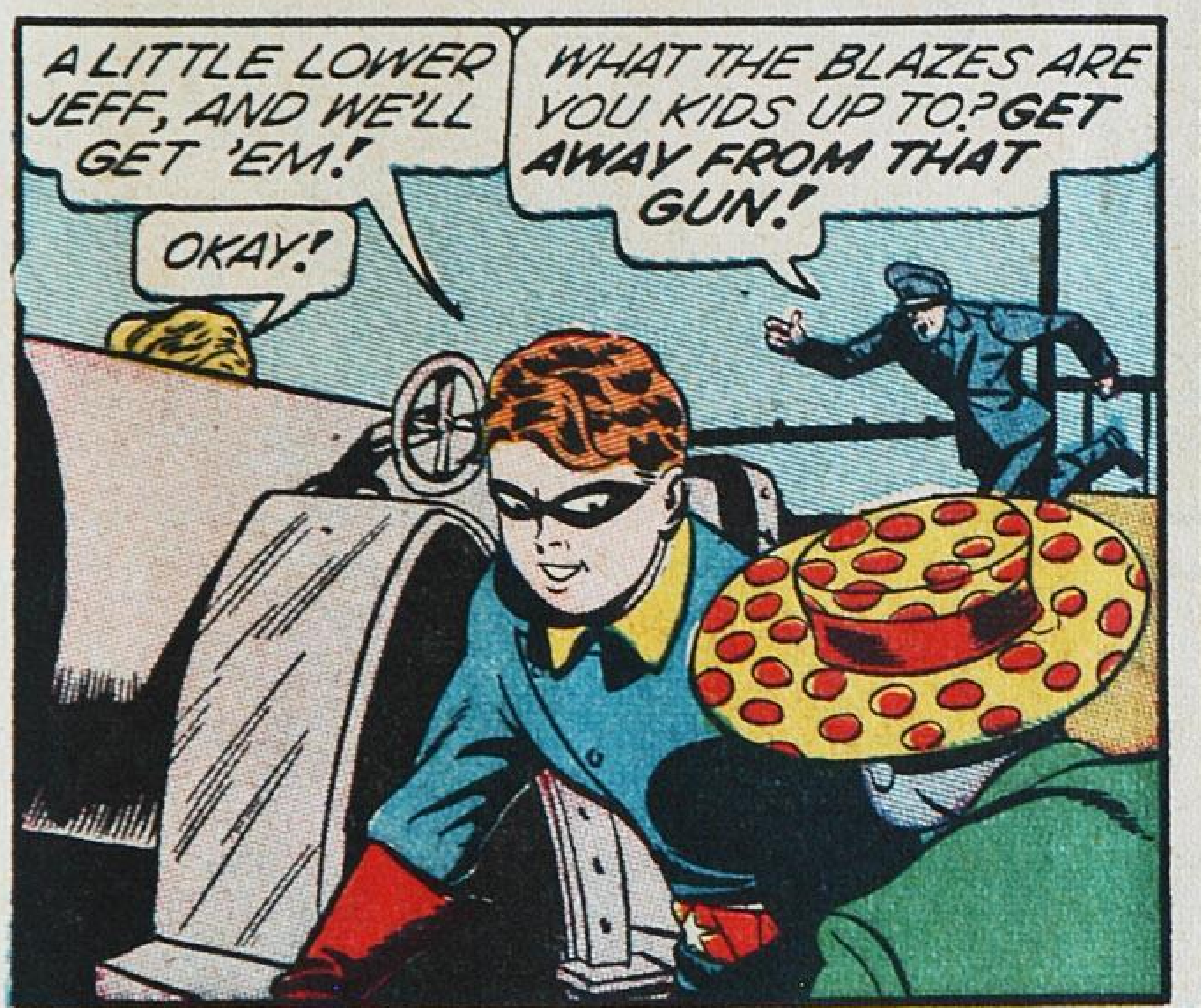
SPEEDING THROUGH THE STREETS, THE YOUNG ALLIES ARRIVE AT THE PIER--
PIER 22
THAT'S THE SHIP! THAT'S THE ONE THE PROFESSOR WAS GOING TO TAKE!
WELL, LET'S STOP DILLY-DALLYING! GET ON BOARD, FELLAS!
BUT AT THE RAIL OF THE SHIP, GLASSY EYES WATCH THE APPROACH OF THE BOYS--
CURSES! THEY HAVE FOLLOWED ME, BUT I'LL FIX THEM!
HEY! YOU KIDS CAN'T GO UP THERE!
OH--NO? WATCH US!
STEWARD--QUICK! TAKE US TO THE CAPTAIN! IT'S A MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH!
CERTAINLY! FOLLOW ME!
IN HERE!
GEE, THANKS!
OIL
DANGER EXPLOSIVES
8.

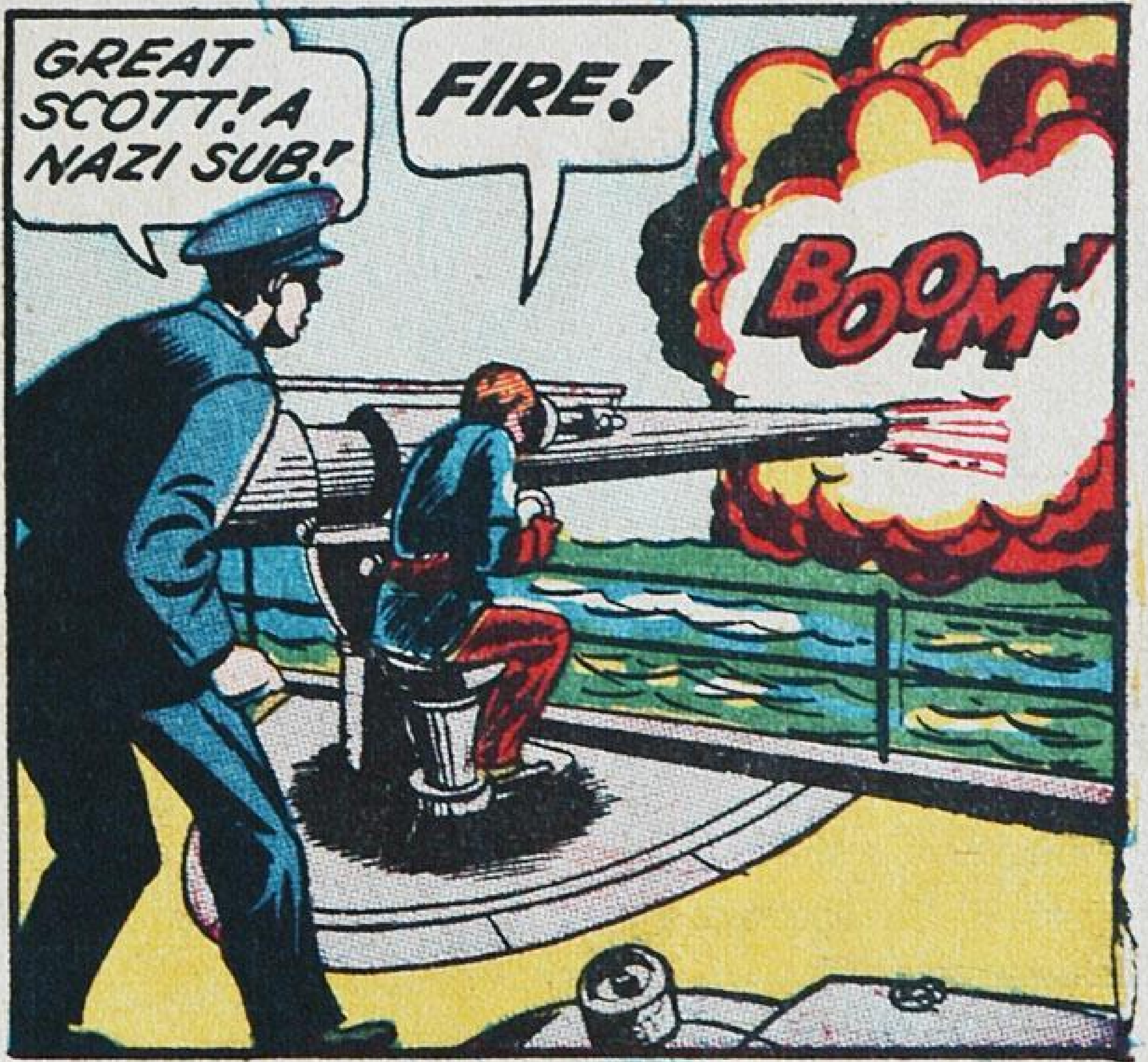

BUT--
THE BLACK DIRGE!
AH--! MY LITTLE FRIENDS! WELCOME!
WE WALKED INTO A TRAP!
TIE THEM UP, MEN! CARRY THEM INTO THE HOLD ONE BY ONE! THEN WHEN THE SHIP IS TORPEDOED, THEY WILL DIE LIKE RATS!
TORPEDOED, EH? HMM! THAT MEANS HE'S MEETIN' A SUB FURTHER OUT! I HOPE TORO DOESN'T TURN ON HIS FLAME UNTIL WE'RE ALONE!
GOSH! I HOPE BUCKY DOESN'T TRY ANY TRICKS 'TILL WE'RE ALONE!
BY A FLICKERING CANDLELIGHT IN THE HOLD, THE BLACK DIRGE PLAYS A SONG OF DEATH TO THE YOUNG ALLIES!
THIS TUNE OF DOOM IS DEDICATED TO YOU MY LITTLE RASCALS! HA! HA! HA!
LAUGH, YOU RAT! OUR TURN IS COMING!
M-M-MAN! HOW WE-ALL GONNA GIT OUTTA THIS?
DIE! DIE! SOON THIS WHOLE SHIP WILL BE FLOUNDER-IN ITS DEATH THROES!
AT LAST, TORO GETS A CHANCE TO USE HIS POWERFUL FLAME!
I'LL HAVE YOU FREE IN A JIFFY, BOYS!

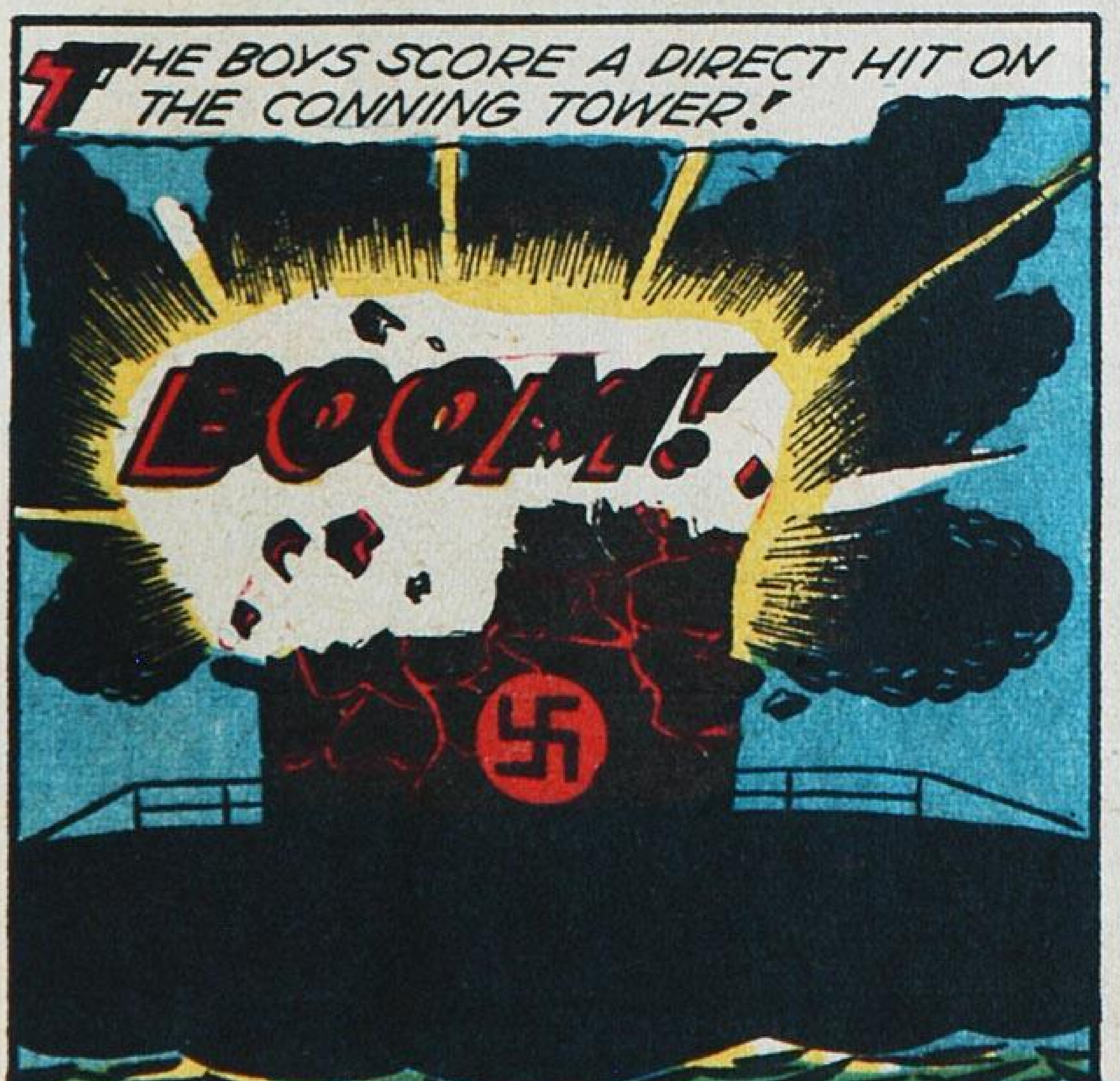
TORO QUICKLY FREES THE OTHERS AND LEADS THEM TO THE DECK!
GOOD OLD TORO!
FROM OVER THE WATER, THEY HEAR THE WEIRD STRAINS OF THE SONG OF DEATH!
THAT MUSIC AGAIN!
THE BLACK DIRGE! HE'S BEING ROWED OUT TO THAT SUB! FELLAS, WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS-- BUT WHAT--- AND HOW?
I'VE GOT IT! THE DECK GUN!
QUICKLY, THE BOYS TAKE THEIR BATTLE STATIONS--!
GIVE THE WORD WHEN YOU'RE READY, JEFF!
HOLY SMOKE! THERE ARE TWO SUBS!
AIM FOR THE ONE THE BLACK DIRGE IS HEADED FOR!
FIRE!
WHILE ON THE SUB---
HURRY! FIRE A TORPEDO! WE HAVE BEEN DISCOVERED!
ACH!

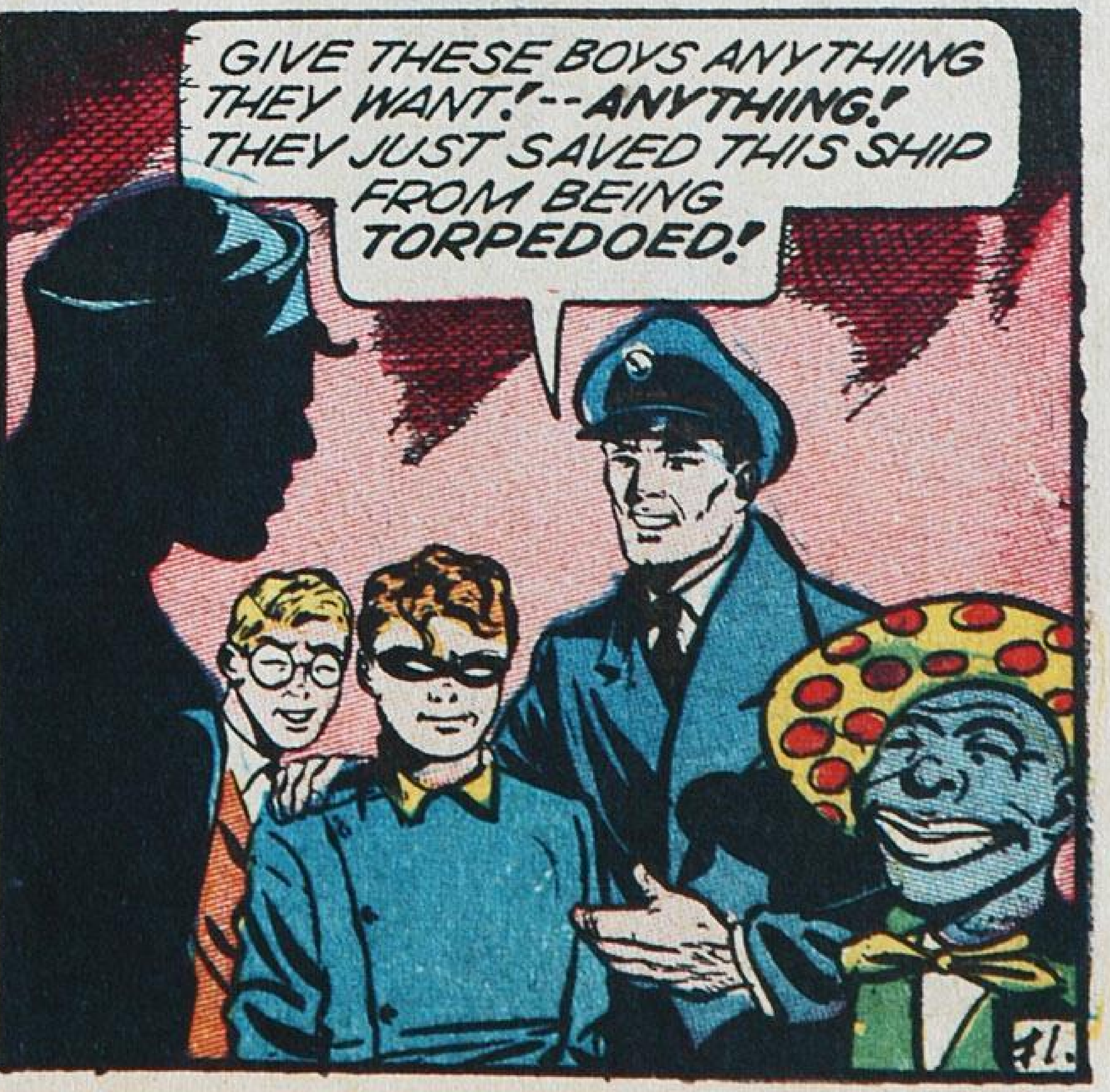

HIMMEL!

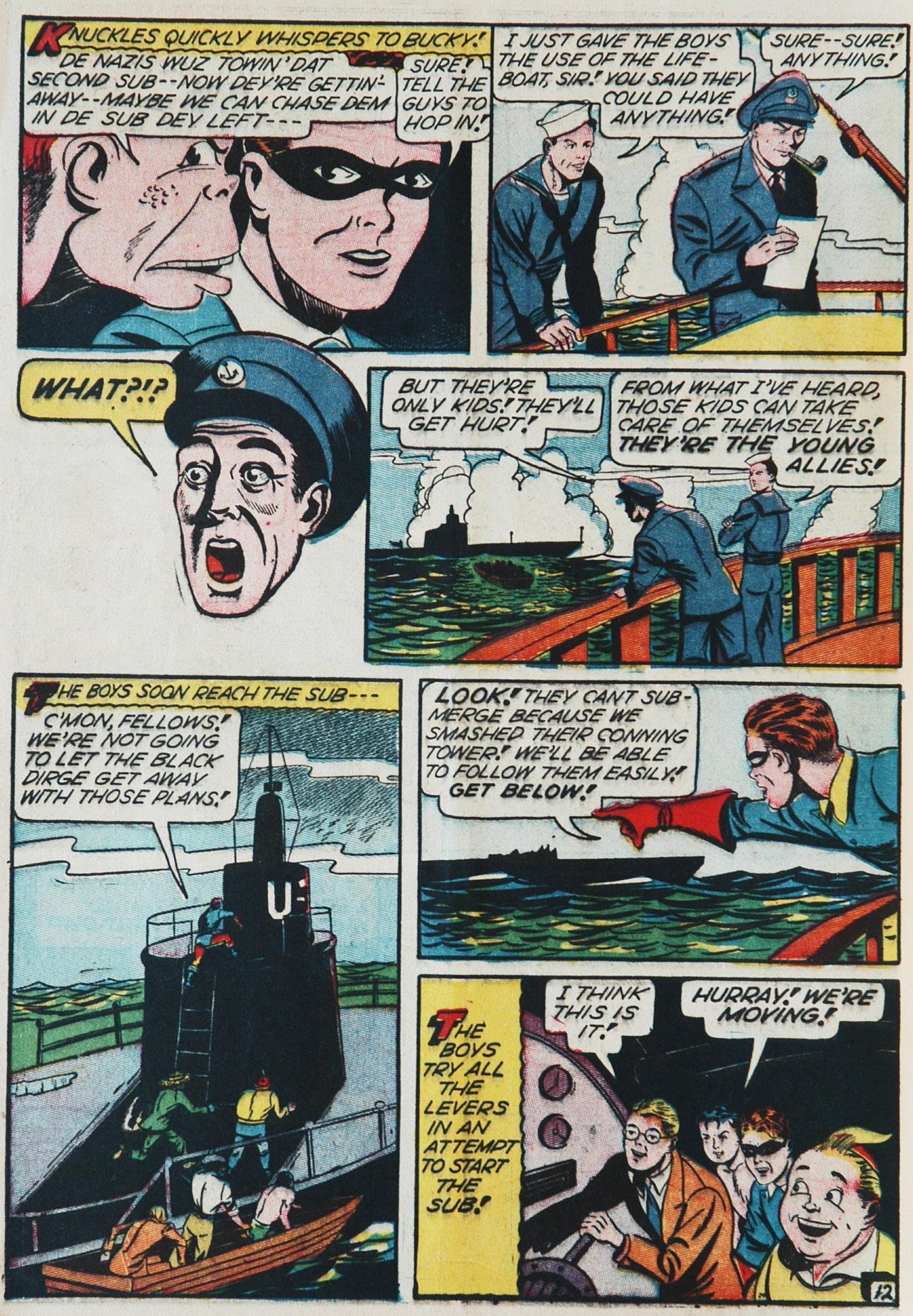

VE ARE BEING ATTACKED! CUT LOOSE DER CABLE FROM DER SUB VE ARE TOWING BEFORE VE ARE BLOWN TO BITS!

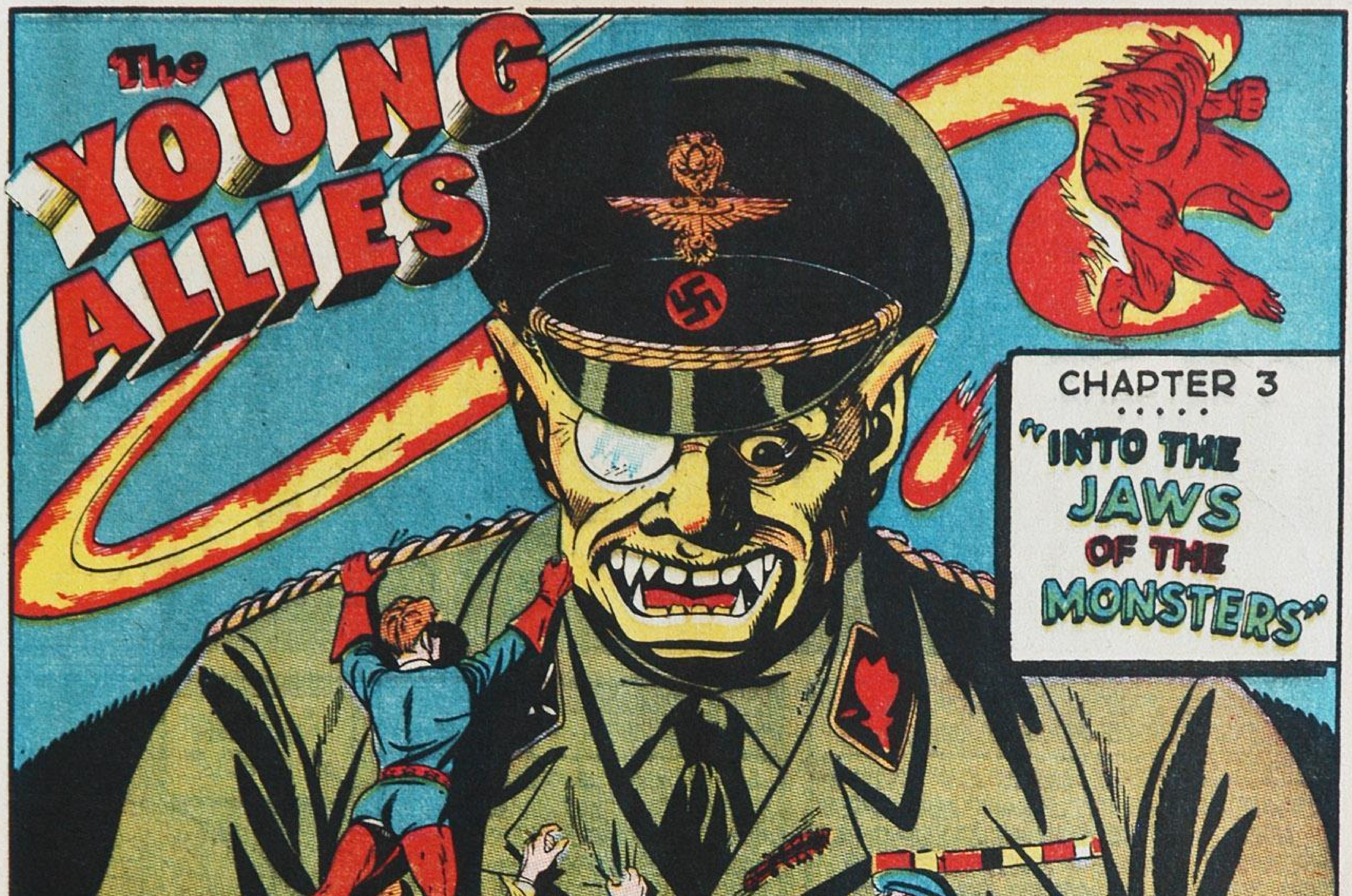

A LITTLE LOWER JEFF, AND WE'LL GET 'EM!
OKAY!
WHAT THE BLAZES ARE YOU KIDS UP TO? GET AWAY FROM THAT GUN!

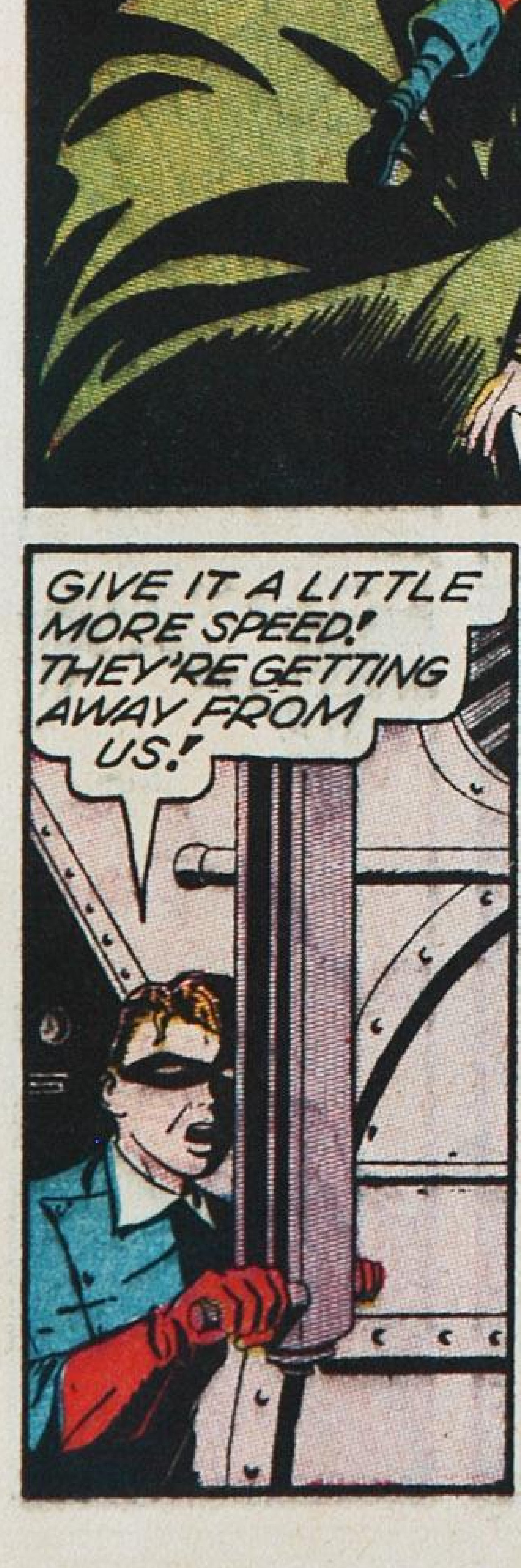

GREAT SCOTT! A NAZI SUB!
FIRE!
BOOM!

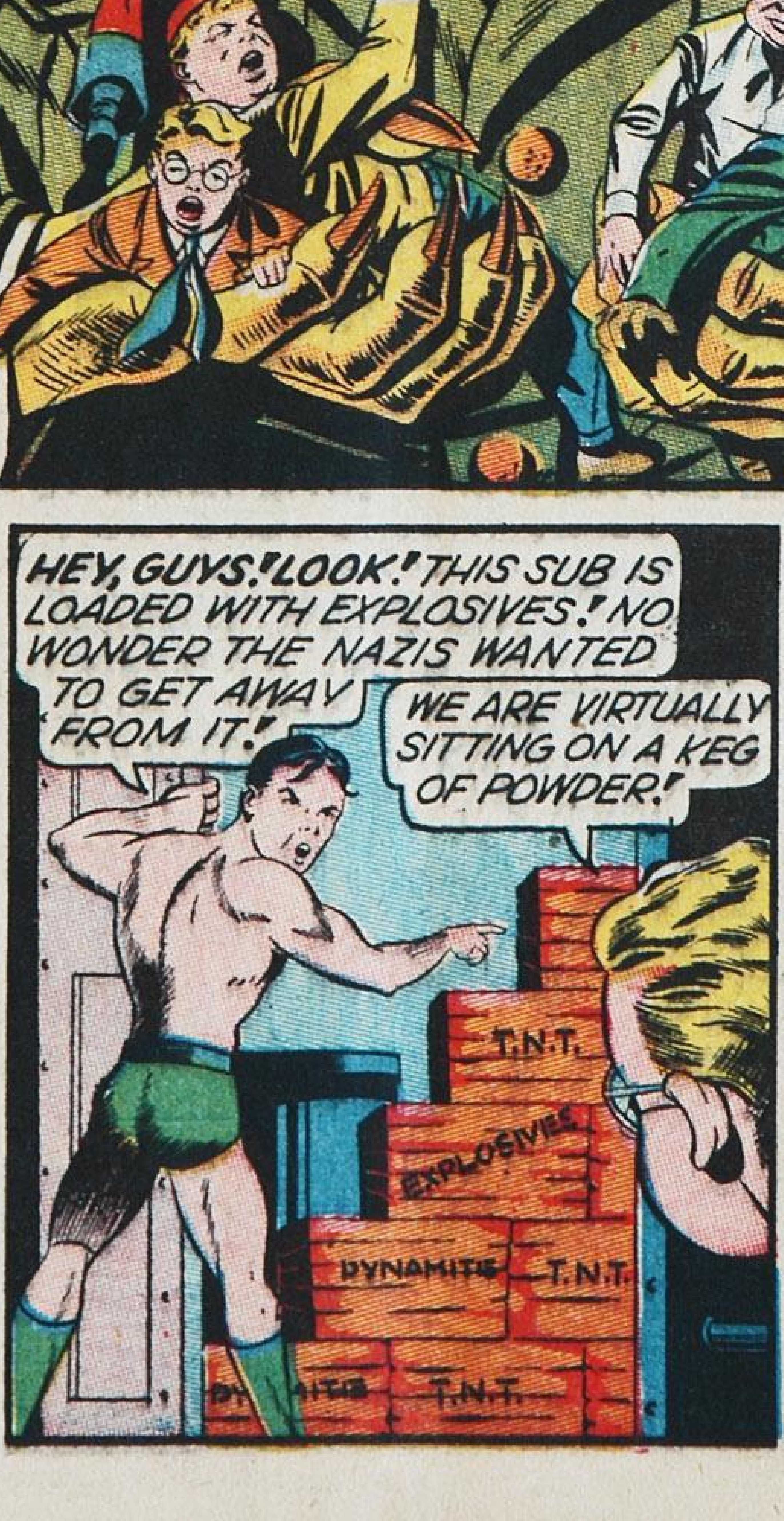

THE BOYS SCORE A DIRECT HIT ON THE CONNING TOWER!
BOOM!

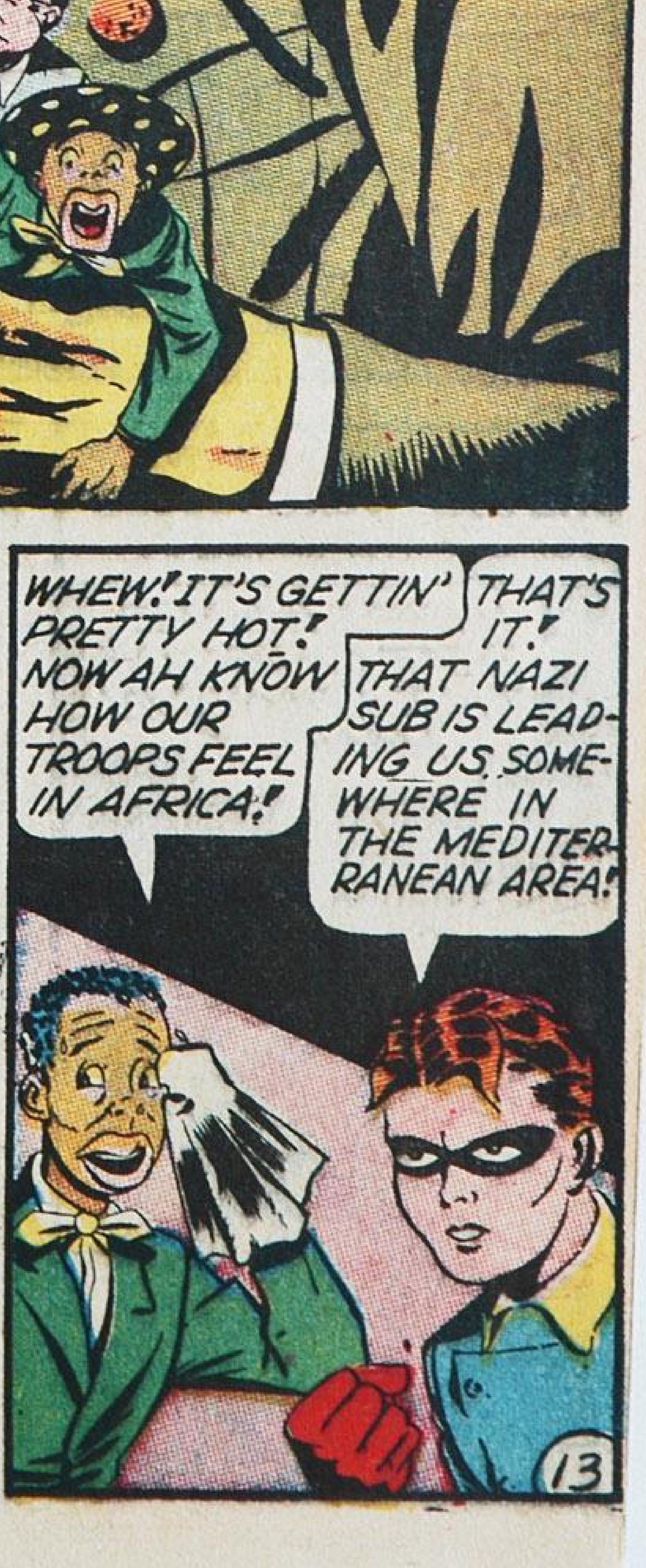

GIVE THESE BOYS ANYTHING THEY WANT!--ANYTHING! THEY JUST SAVED THIS SHIP FROM BEING TORPEDOED!

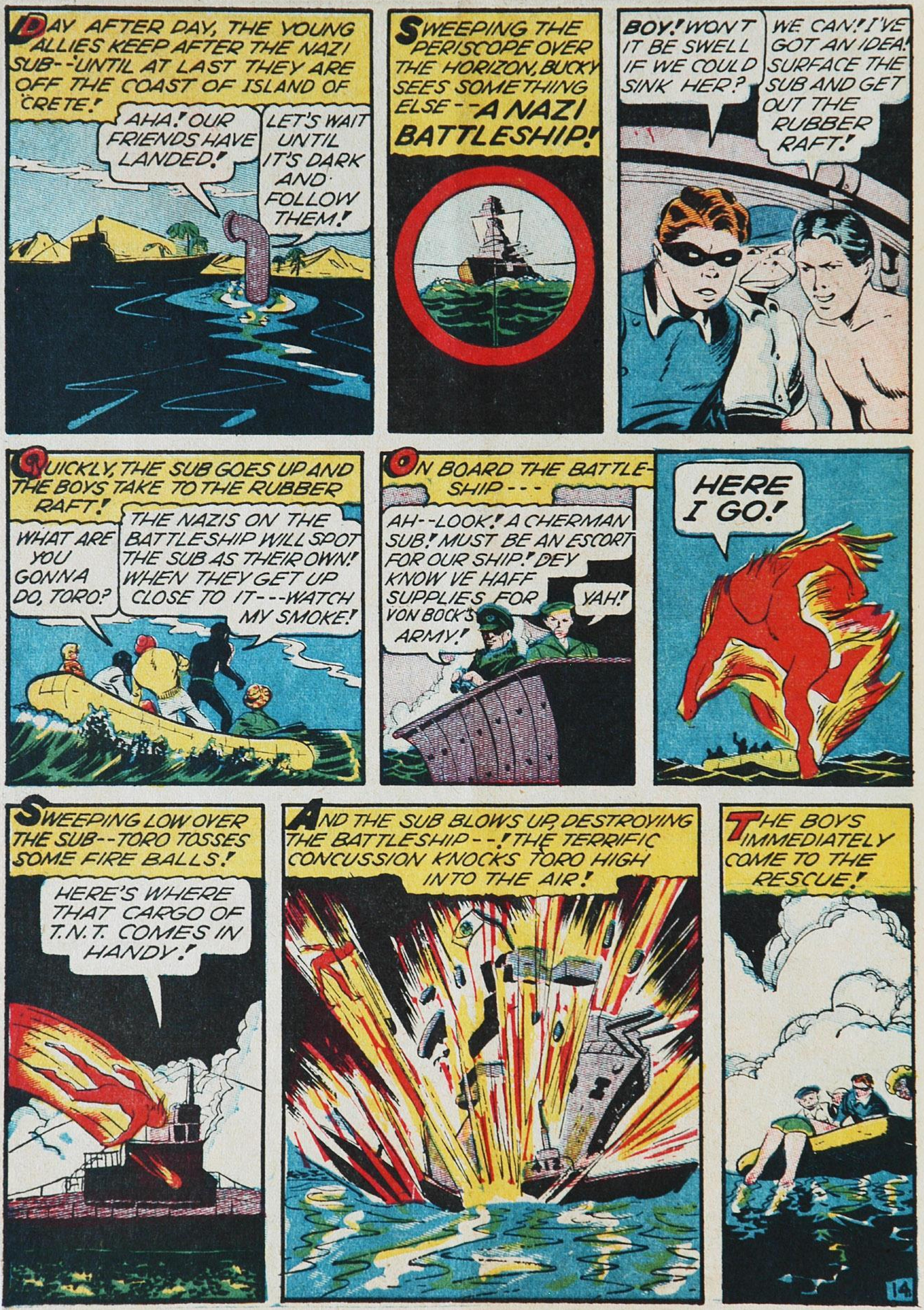

KNUCKLES QUICKLY WHISPERS TO BUCKY!
DE NAZIS WUZ TOWIN' DAT SECOND SUB--NOW DEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY--MAYBE WE CAN CHASE DEM IN DE SUB DEY LEFT---
SURE! TELL THE GUYS TO HOP IN!
I JUST GAVE THE BOYS THE USE OF THE LIFE-BOAT, SIR! YOU SAID THEY COULD HAVE ANYTHING!
SURE--SURE! ANYTHING!
WHAT?!?
BUT THEY'RE ONLY KIDS! THEY'LL GET HURT!
FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD, THOSE KIDS CAN TAKE CARE OF THEMSELVES! THEY'RE THE YOUNG ALLIES!
THE BOYS SOON REACH THE SUB---
C'MON, FELLOWS! WE'RE NOT GOING TO LET THE BLACK DIRGE GET AWAY WITH THOSE PLANS!
U-
LOOK! THEY CANT SUBMERGE BECAUSE WE SMASHED THEIR CONNING TOWER! WE'LL BE ABLE TO FOLLOW THEM EASILY! GET BELOW!
THE BOYS TRY ALL THE LEVERS IN AN ATTEMPT TO START THE SUB!
I THINK THIS IS IT!
HURRAY! WE'RE MOVING!

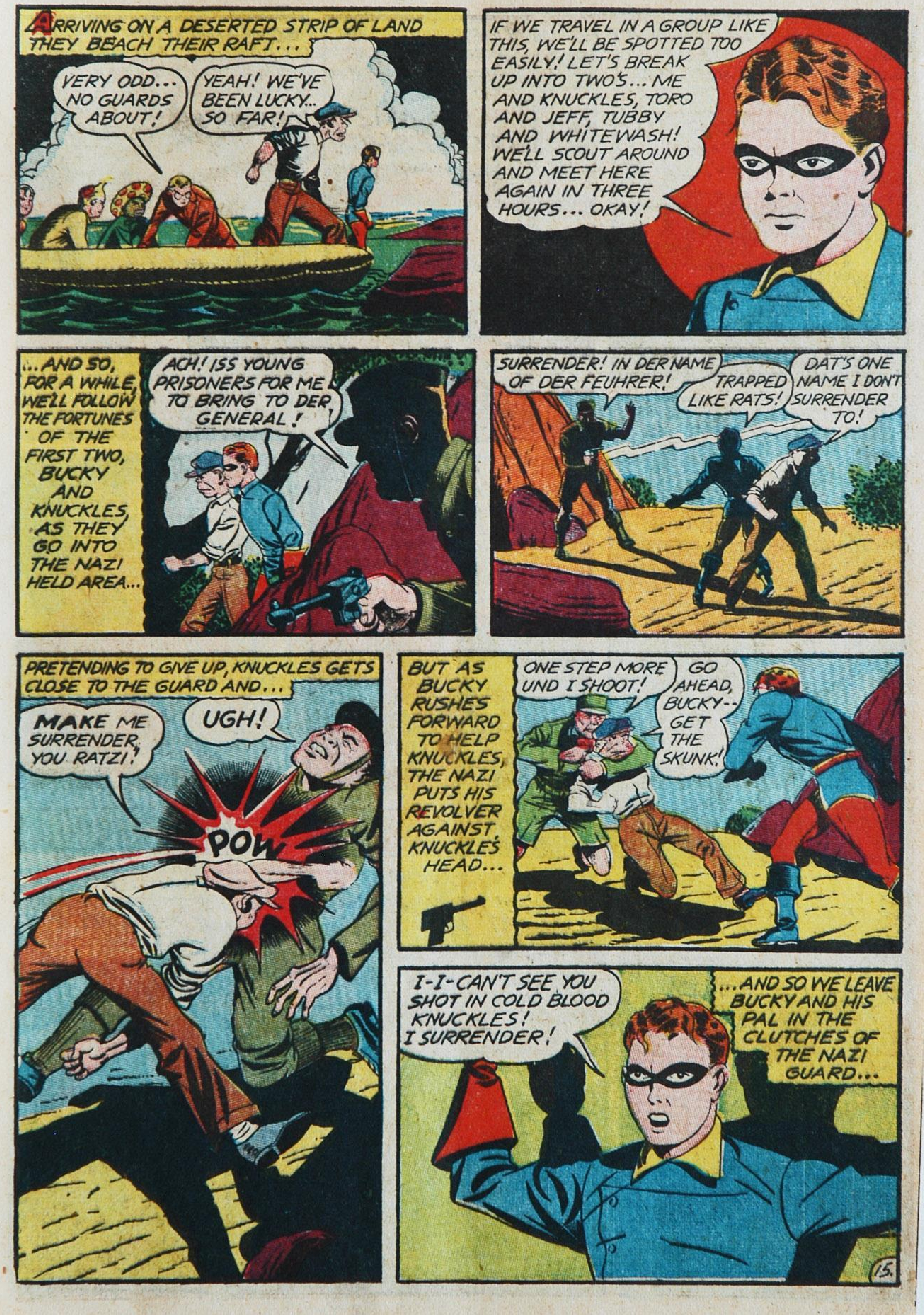

The YOUNG ALLIES
CHAPTER 3
"INTO THE JAWS OF THE MONSTERS"

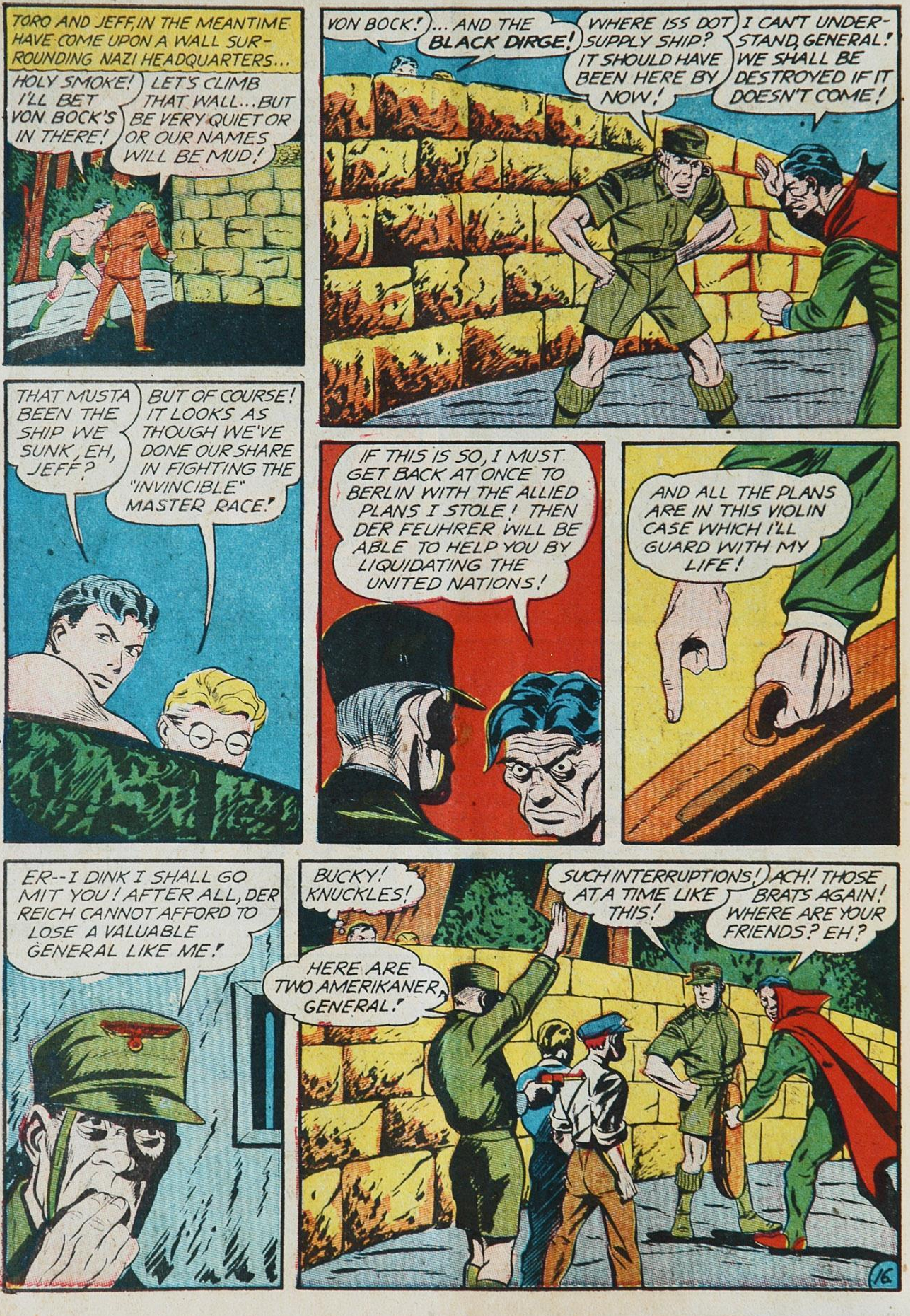

GIVE IT A LITTLE MORE SPEED! THEY'RE GETTING AWAY FROM US!


HEY, GUYS! LOOK! THIS SUB IS LOADED WITH EXPLOSIVES! NO WONDER THE NAZIS WANTED TO GET AWAY FROM IT!
WE ARE VIRTUALLY SITTING ON A KEG OF POWDER!
T.N.T.
EXPLOSIVES
DYNAMITE
T.N.T.
DYNAMITE
T.N.T.

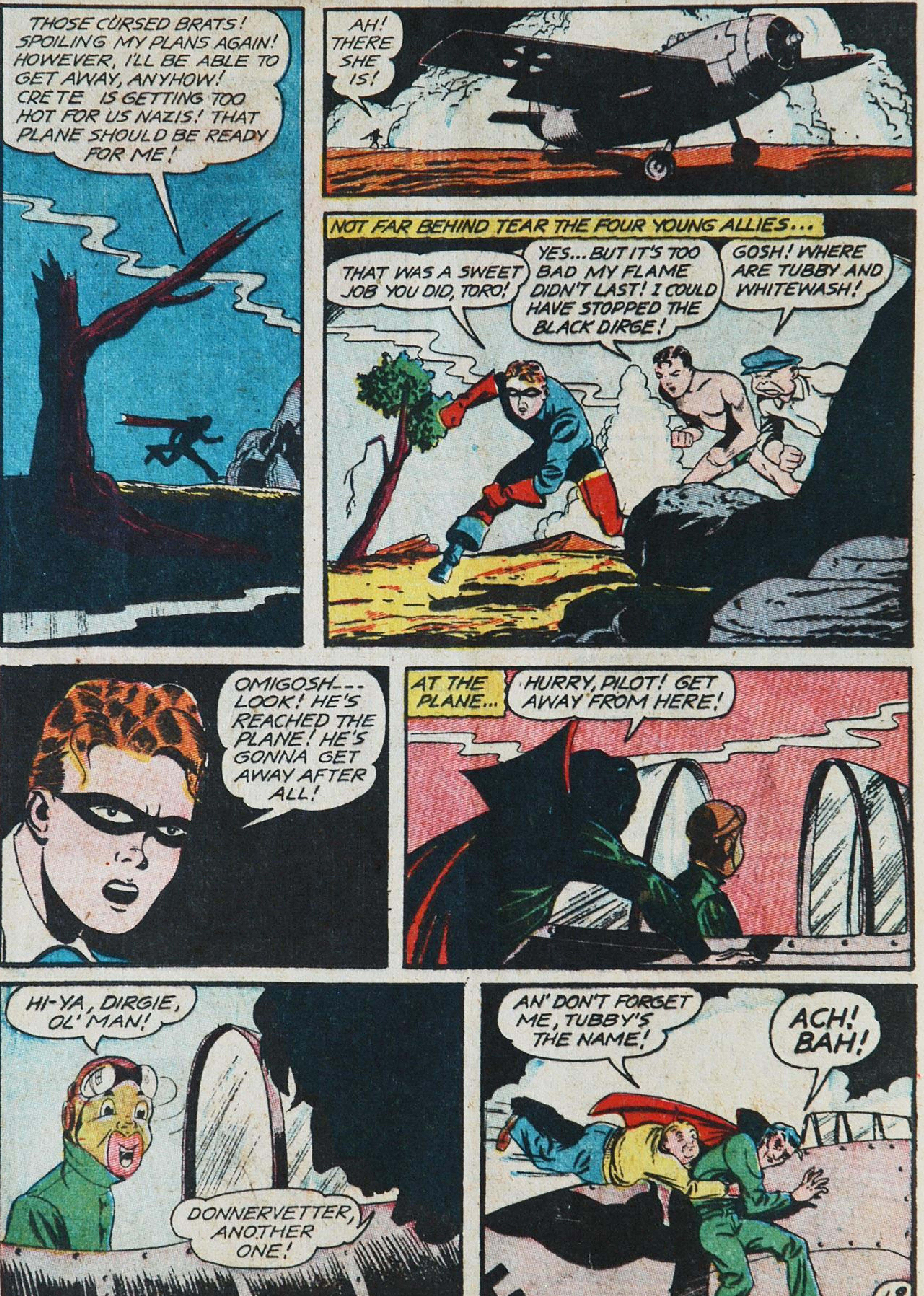

WHEW! IT'S GETTIN' PRETTY HOT! NOW AH KNOW HOW OUR TROOPS FEEL IN AFRICA!
THAT'S IT! THAT NAZI SUB IS LEADING US SOMEWHERE IN THE MEDITERRANEAN AREA!


DAY AFTER DAY, THE YOUNG ALLIES KEEP AFTER THE NAZI SUB--UNTIL AT LAST THEY ARE OFF THE COAST OF ISLAND OF CRETE!
AHA! OUR FRIENDS HAVE LANDED!
LET'S WAIT UNTIL IT'S DARK AND FOLLOW THEM!
SWEEPING THE PERISCOPE OVER THE HORIZON, BUCKY SEES SOMETHING ELSE--A NAZI BATTLESHIP!
BOY! WON'T IT BE SWELL IF WE COULD SINK HER?
WE CAN! I'VE GOT AN IDEA! SURFACE THE SUB AND GET OUT THE RUBBER RAFT!
QUICKLY, THE SUB GOES UP AND THE BOYS TAKE TO THE RUBBER RAFT!
WHAT ARE YOU GONNA DO, TORO?
THE NAZIS ON THE BATTLESHIP WILL SPOT THE SUB AS THEIR OWN! WHEN THEY GET UP CLOSE TO IT---WATCH MY SMOKE!
ON BOARD THE BATTLESHIP---
AH--LOOK! A CHERMAN SUB! MUST BE AN ESCORT FOR OUR SHIP! DEY KNOW VE HAFF SUPPLIES FOR VON BOCK'S ARMY!
YAH!
HERE I GO!
SWEEPING LOW OVER THE SUB--TORO TOSSES SOME FIRE BALLS!
HERE'S WHERE THAT CARGO OF T.N.T. COMES IN HANDY!
AND THE SUB BLOWS UP, DESTROYING THE BATTLESHIP--! THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSION KNOCKS TORO HIGH INTO THE AIR!
THE BOYS IMMEDIATELY COME TO THE RESCUE!


ARRIVING ON A DESERTED STRIP OF LAND THEY BEACH THEIR RAFT...
VERY ODD... NO GUARDS ABOUT!
YEAH! WE'VE BEEN LUCKY... SO FAR!
IF WE TRAVEL IN A GROUP LIKE THIS, WE'LL BE SPOTTED TOO EASILY! LET'S BREAK UP INTO TWO'S... ME AND KNUCKLES, TORO AND JEFF, TUBBY AND WHITEWASH! WE'LL SCOUT AROUND AND MEET HERE AGAIN IN THREE HOURS... OKAY!
...AND SO, FOR A WHILE, WE'LL FOLLOW THE FORTUNES OF THE FIRST TWO, BUCKY AND KNUCKLES, AS THEY GO INTO THE NAZI HELD AREA...
ACH! ISS YOUNG PRISONERS FOR ME TO BRING TO DER GENERAL!
SURRENDER! IN DER NAME OF DER FEUHRER!
TRAPPED LIKE RATS!
DAT'S ONE NAME I DON'T SURRENDER TO!
PRETENDING TO GIVE UP, KNUCKLES GETS CLOSE TO THE GUARD AND...
MAKE ME SURRENDER, YOU RATZI!
UGH!
POW
BUT AS BUCKY RUSHES FORWARD TO HELP KNUCKLES, THE NAZI PUTS HIS REVOLVER AGAINST KNUCKLE'S HEAD...
ONE STEP MORE UND I SHOOT!
GO AHEAD, BUCKY-- GET THE SKUNK!
I-I-CAN'T SEE YOU SHOT IN COLD BLOOD KNUCKLES! I SURRENDER!
...AND SO WE LEAVE BUCKY AND HIS PAL IN THE CLUTCHES OF THE NAZI GUARD...

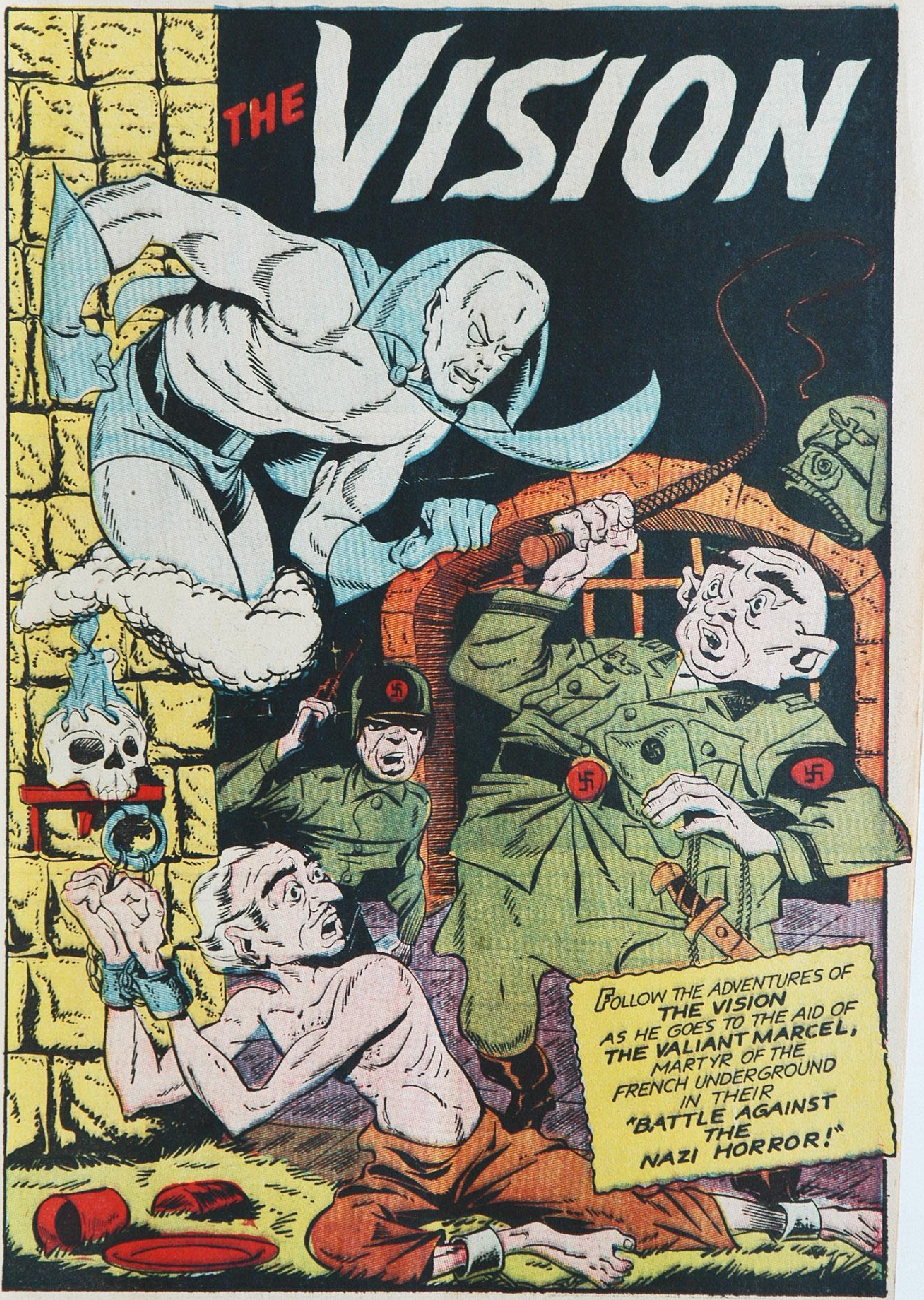

TORO AND JEFF, IN THE MEANTIME HAVE COME UPON A WALL SURROUNDING NAZI HEADQUARTERS...
HOLY SMOKE! I'LL BET VON BOCK'S IN THERE!
LET'S CLIMB THAT WALL... BUT BE VERY QUIET OR OR OUR NAMES WILL BE MUD!
VON BOCK! ... AND THE BLACK DIRGE!
WHERE ISS DOT SUPPLY SHIP? IT SHOULD HAVE BEEN HERE BY NOW!
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND, GENERAL! WE SHALL BE DESTROYED IF IT DOESN'T COME!
THAT MUSTA BEEN THE SHIP WE SUNK, EH, JEFF?
BUT OF COURSE! IT LOOKS AS THOUGH WE'VE DONE OUR SHARE IN FIGHTING THE "INVINCIBLE" MASTER RACE!
IF THIS IS SO, I MUST GET BACK AT ONCE TO BERLIN WITH THE ALLIED PLANS I STOLE! THEN DER FEUHRER WILL BE ABLE TO HELP YOU BY LIQUIDATING THE UNITED NATIONS!
AND ALL THE PLANS ARE IN THIS VIOLIN CASE WHICH I'LL GUARD WITH MY LIFE!
ER--I DINK I SHALL GO MIT YOU! AFTER ALL, DER REICH CANNOT AFFORD TO LOSE A VALUABLE GENERAL LIKE ME!
BUCKY! KNUCKLES!
HERE ARE TWO AMERIKANER, GENERAL!
SUCH INTERRUPTIONS! AT A TIME LIKE THIS!
ACH! THOSE BRATS AGAIN! WHERE ARE YOUR FRIENDS? EH?
16

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GET TO WORK!
BUT HOW ABOUT TUBBY AND WHITEWASH?
VOT ISS!
WE'LL WORRY ABOUT THEM LATER! RIGHT NOW--- YAHOO!
SHOOT! SHOOT, YOU FOOL!
B-B-BUT HE'S ALL FIRE!
CAN'T MAKE UP YOUR MIND, EH?
C'MON, TORO!
I'LL MAKE IT UP FOR YOU!
CRACK!
THE YOUNG ALLIES GO TO WORK WITH A BANG!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FORT!
OWOO!
HEY! THE BLACK DOIGE IS GETTIN' AWAY!
BOK!

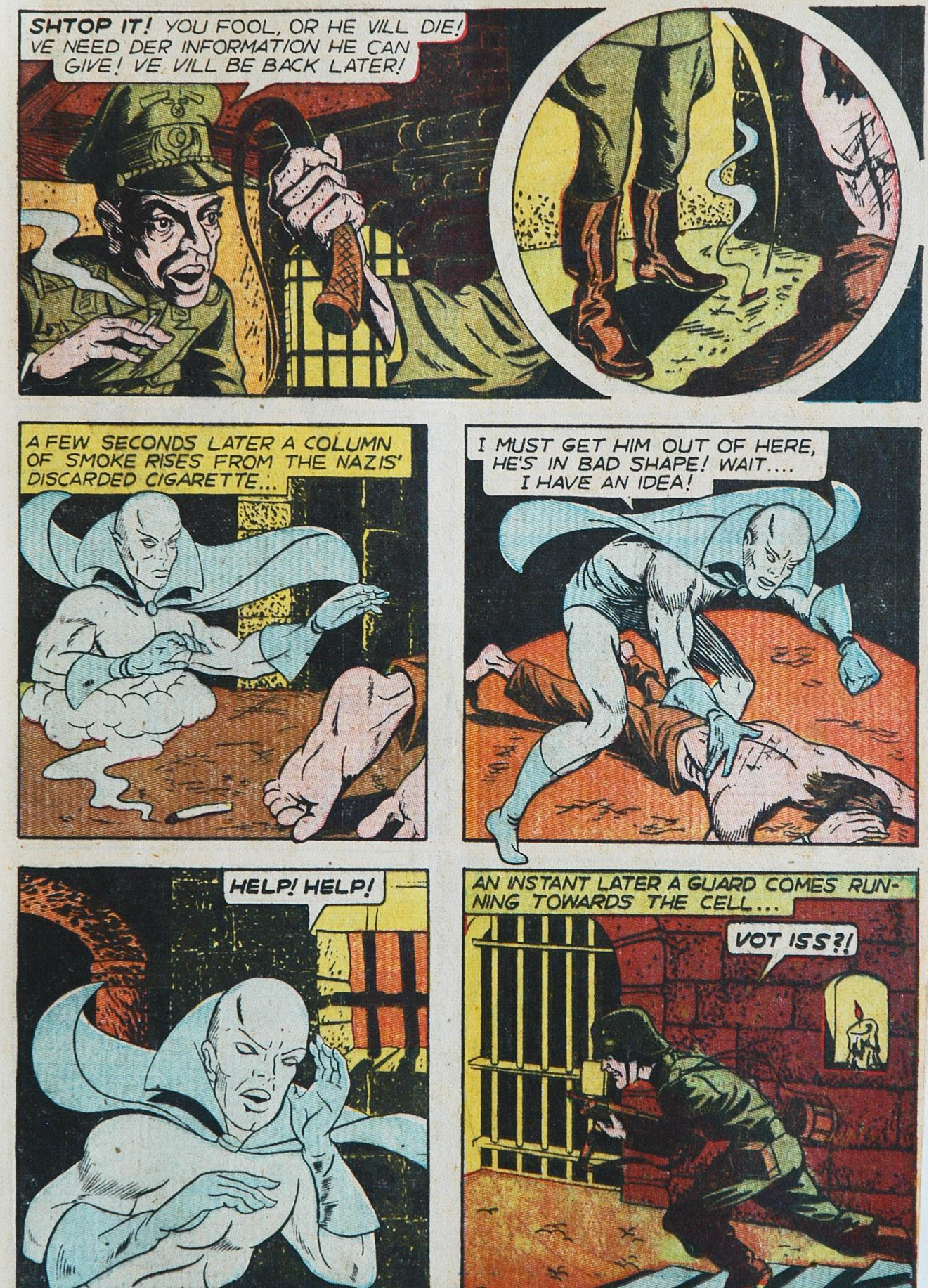

THOSE CURSED BRATS! SPOILING MY PLANS AGAIN! HOWEVER, I'LL BE ABLE TO GET AWAY, ANYHOW! CRETE IS GETTING TOO HOT FOR US NAZIS! THAT PLANE SHOULD BE READY FOR ME!
AH! THERE SHE IS!
NOT FAR BEHIND TEAR THE FOUR YOUNG ALLIES...
THAT WAS A SWEET JOB YOU DID, TORO!
YES... BUT IT'S TOO BAD MY FLAME DIDN'T LAST! I COULD HAVE STOPPED THE BLACK DIRGE!
GOSH! WHERE ARE TUBBY AND WHITEWASH!
OMIGOSH--- LOOK! HE'S REACHED THE PLANE! HE'S GONNA GET AWAY AFTER ALL!
AT THE PLANE...
HURRY, PILOT! GET AWAY FROM HERE!
HI-YA, DIRGIE, OL' MAN!
DONNERVETTER, ANOTHER ONE!
AN' DON'T FORGET ME, TUBBY'S THE NAME!
ACH! BAH!

AW--YOU JUS' CAN'T TAKE IT, DIRGIE!
BONG!
THIS MUST BE BLACK-MARKET MEAT!
CRACK!
SOK!
OUCH!
BANG!
CRASH!
BONG!
JUST THEN--THE OTHER YOUNG ALLIES RUSH UP TO THE SCENE OF ACTION!
HEY--CUT IT OUT!
HOLY SMOKE! YOU'VE GIVEN HIM ENOUGH!
YES! DESIST, OLD BOYS, DESIST!
AW! JUST WHEN WE WAS HAVIN' FUN!
YEAH! DID YOU GUYS HAVE TO COME SO QUICK!
COULD I SUGGEST GETTING AWAY FROM HERE IN A BIT OF A HURRY? THE NAZIS MUST BE AFTER US BY NOW!
WHAT'LL WE DO WITH THIS HUMAN CARICATURE?
LET'S TAKE HIM AND HIS FIDDLE CASE BACK TO OUR OWN LINES! DE GENERALS WOULD LIKE TO HEAR HIM PLAY WITH HIS TUNE, I'LL BETCHA!
IN A FEW MINUTES. THE PLANE RISES AND SKIMS OVER THE MEDITERANEAN SEA TO AN ALLIED BASE IN ITALY!

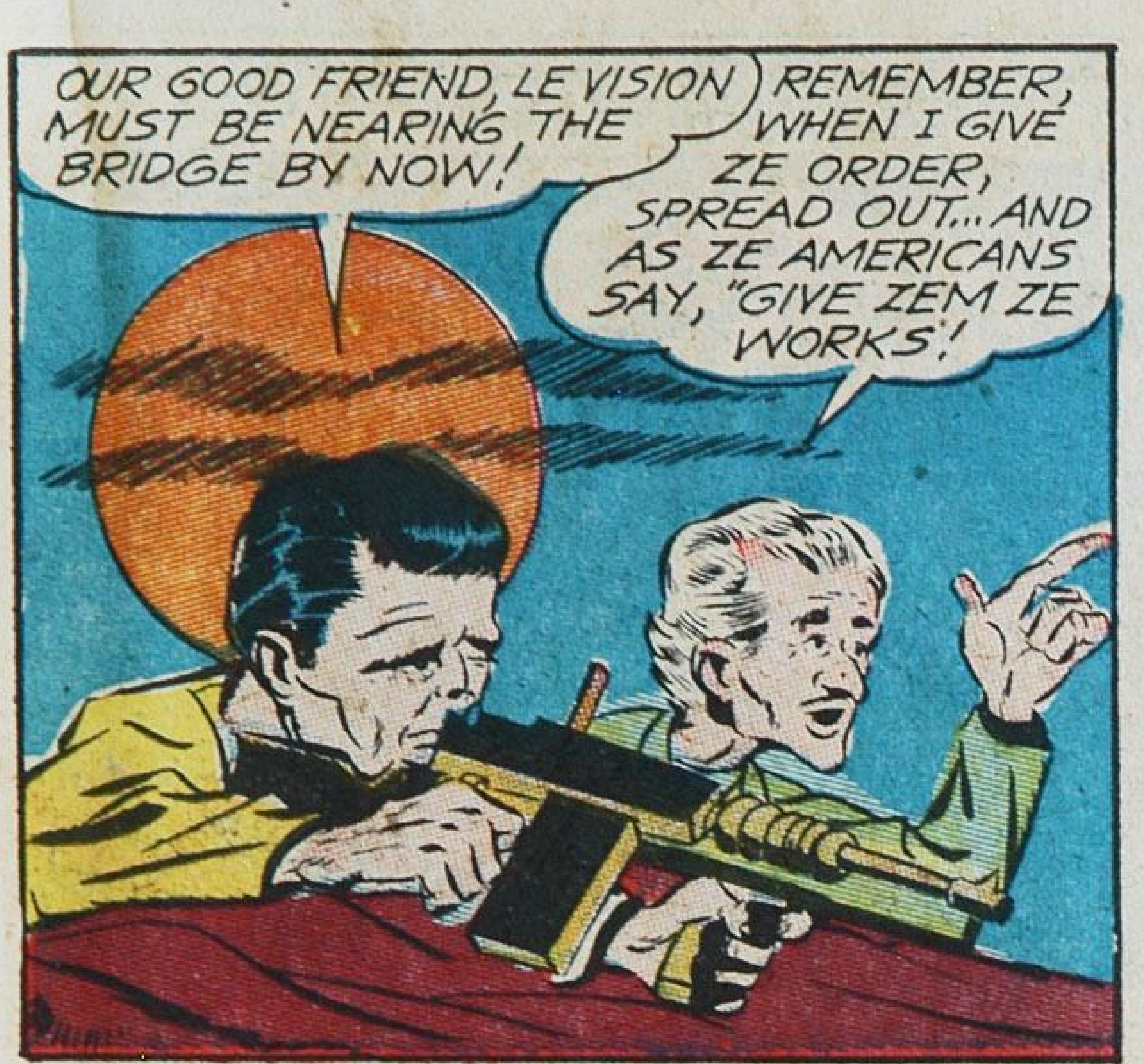
ALL RIGHT, WHITE-WASH, SPILL IT! WHAT DID YOU AND TUBBY DO AFTER YOU LEFT US?
WELL--I'LL TELL YOU, BUCKY! IT'S LIKE THIS--
"WHILE TORO AND JEFF WERE LISTENIN' TO VON BOCK AND THE BLACK DIRGE, WE WAS LISTENIN' TOO--WE KNEW TORO WOULD TAKE CARE OF DEM, SO WE SNEAKED TO DE PLANE TO SEE WHAT WE COULD DO ABOUT TRANSFERRIN' PILOTS---"
HEIL BUD! THE DIRGE WILL BE HERE IN A MINUTE!
YAH? DOT ISS GOOT! I AM ANXIOUS TO BE BACK IN CHERMANY! CRETE ISS TOO-ER--HOT, EH?
"WHILE TUBBY TALKED TO DE PILOT, I EASED MYSELF AROUND DE PLANE, REACHED FOR A WRENCH, AND--"
DEN WE HID DE REMAINS, I PUT ON DE HELMET, AN' WHEN DE BLACK DIRGE COME UP--WELL, YOU SAW WHAT HAPPENED!
JEFF, YOU'D BETTER WIRE AHEAD TO THE ALLIES OR THEY'LL SEE THIS GERMAN PLANE AND SHOOT US DOWN!
--AND NEXT TIME, WHITEWASH, DON'T DISAPPEAR AND SCARE US LIKE THAT!
OKAY--BUT WHAT WOULD HAVE HAPPENED IF WE DIDN'T DO WHAT WE DID?
HMMM! I WONDER!
I'LL BET THE GERMANS WON'T BE ON THE ISLAND OF CRETE VERY LONG!
THE END
SO DO WE--BUT LET'S NOT TALK ABOUT THAT--
GET READY TO HOLD ON TO YOUR HATS WHEN YOU READ THE ADVENTURES OF OUR FRIENDS IN THE NEXT--
YOUNG ALLIES COMICS!
And DON'T FORGET TO BUY WAR STAMPS AND GIVE THE AXIS THE BUSINESS FAST!

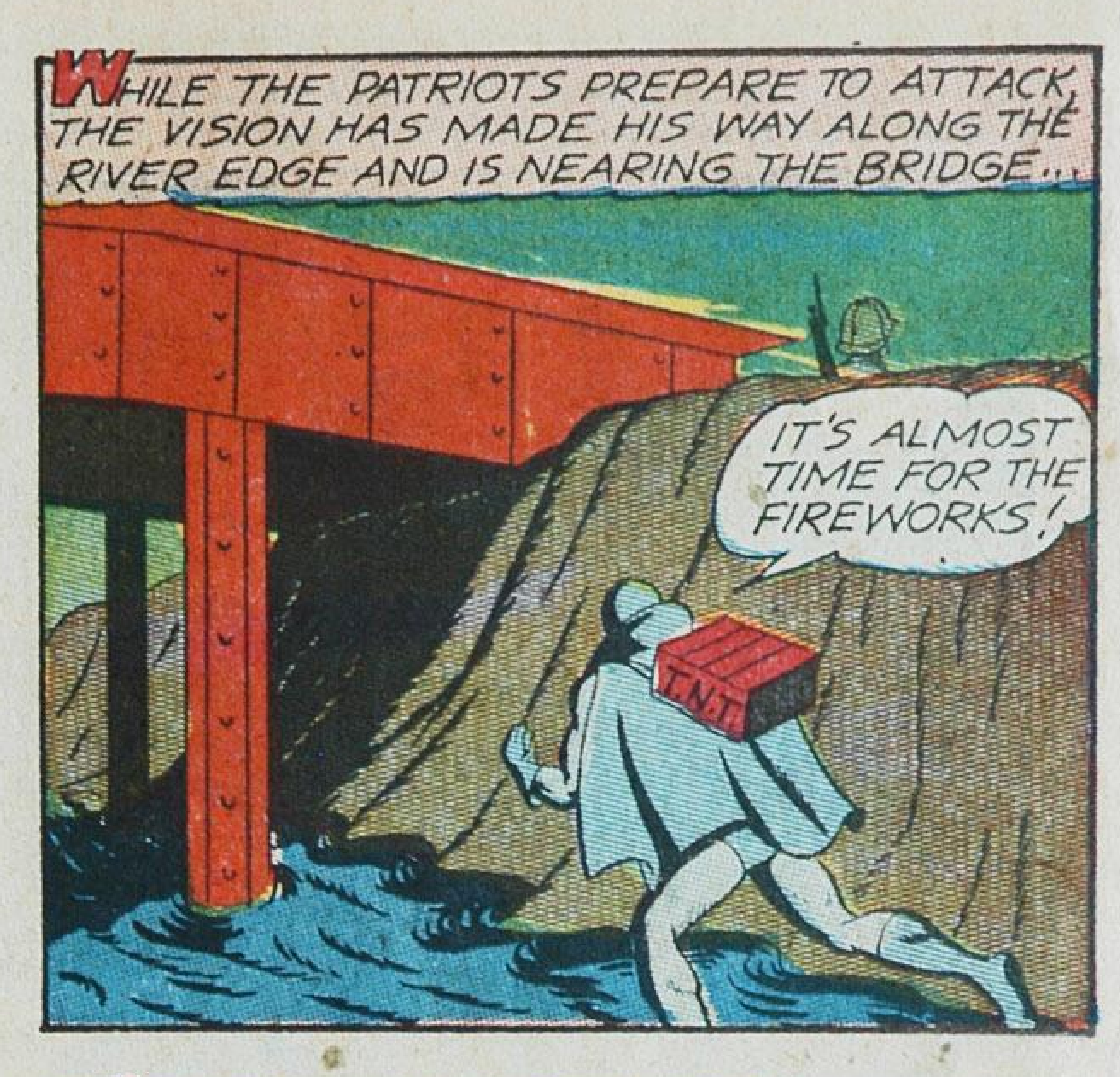

THE VISION
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF THE VISION AS HE GOES TO THE AID OF THE VALIANT MARCEL, MARTYR OF THE FRENCH UNDERGROUND IN THEIR "BATTLE AGAINST THE NAZI HORROR!"

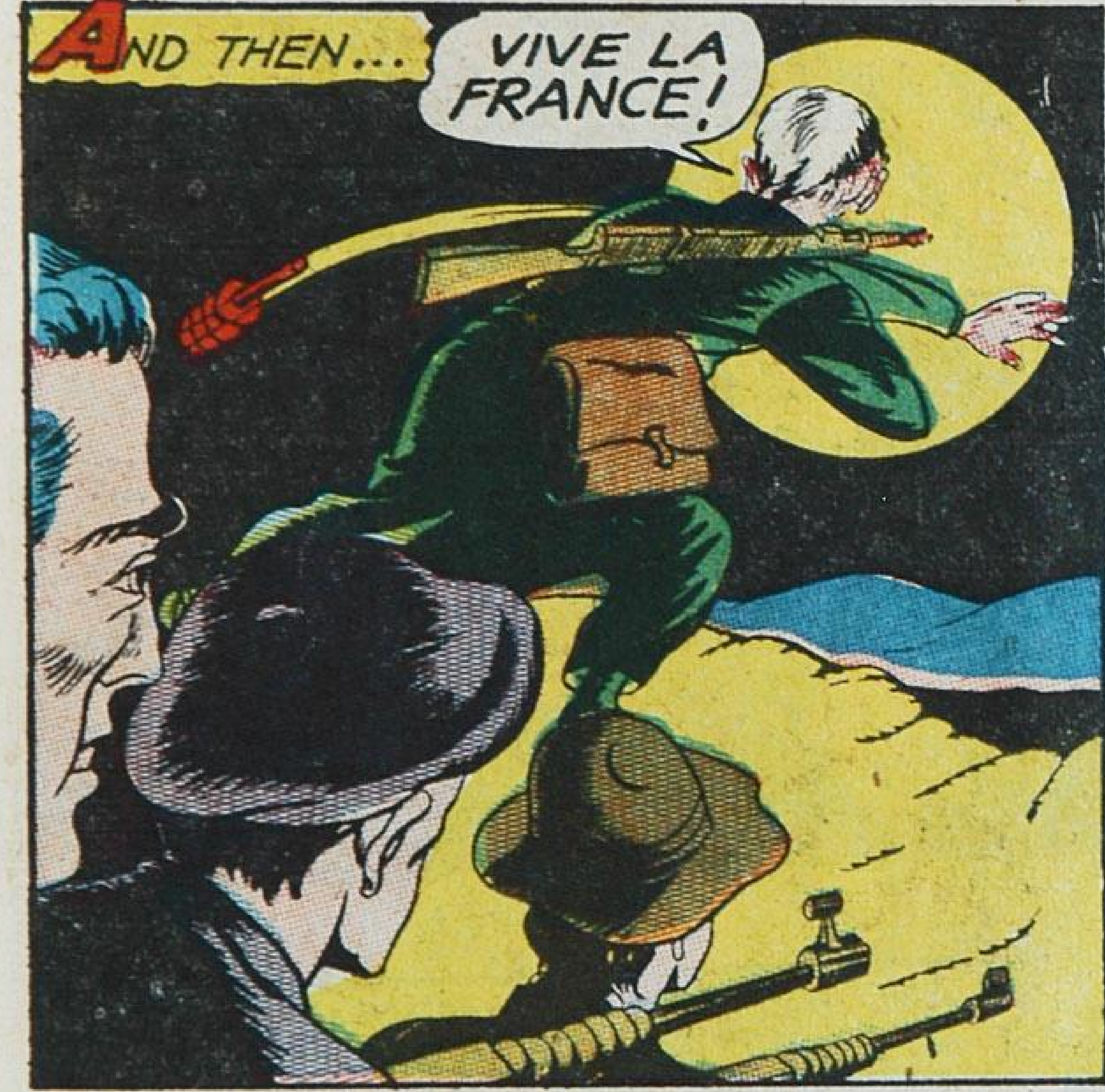
IN A SMALL WINE CELLER SOMEWHERE IN SOUTHERN FRANCE A HANDFUL OF MEN CONFER...
NOW THAT MARCEL IS A PRISONER WE MUST CARRY OUT HIS PLANS WITHOUT HIM!
THOSE NAZI PIGS WILL TORTURE HEEM UNTIL HE IS DEAD!
EET WEEL NOT BE ZE SAME WORKING WITHOUT MARCAL! ESPECIALLY ZIS TIME, THERE IS MUCH DANGER OF BEING DISCOVERED!
SUDDENLY..
MON DIEU!
DO NOT BE ALARMED MY FRIENDS, I AM HERE TO HELP YOU!
I OVERHEARD YOUR PLANS AND I DECIDED I COULD BE OF SOME HELP! IT WAS NOT VERY CLEAR TO ME, WILL YOU PLEASE REPEAT THEM?
MON AMI, OUR PLANS ARE QUITE SIMPLE, FIRST...
MEANWHILE AT A NEARBY NAZI PRISON...
THE IMPUDENT DOG! MAYBE THIS WILL LOOSEN HIS TONGUE!

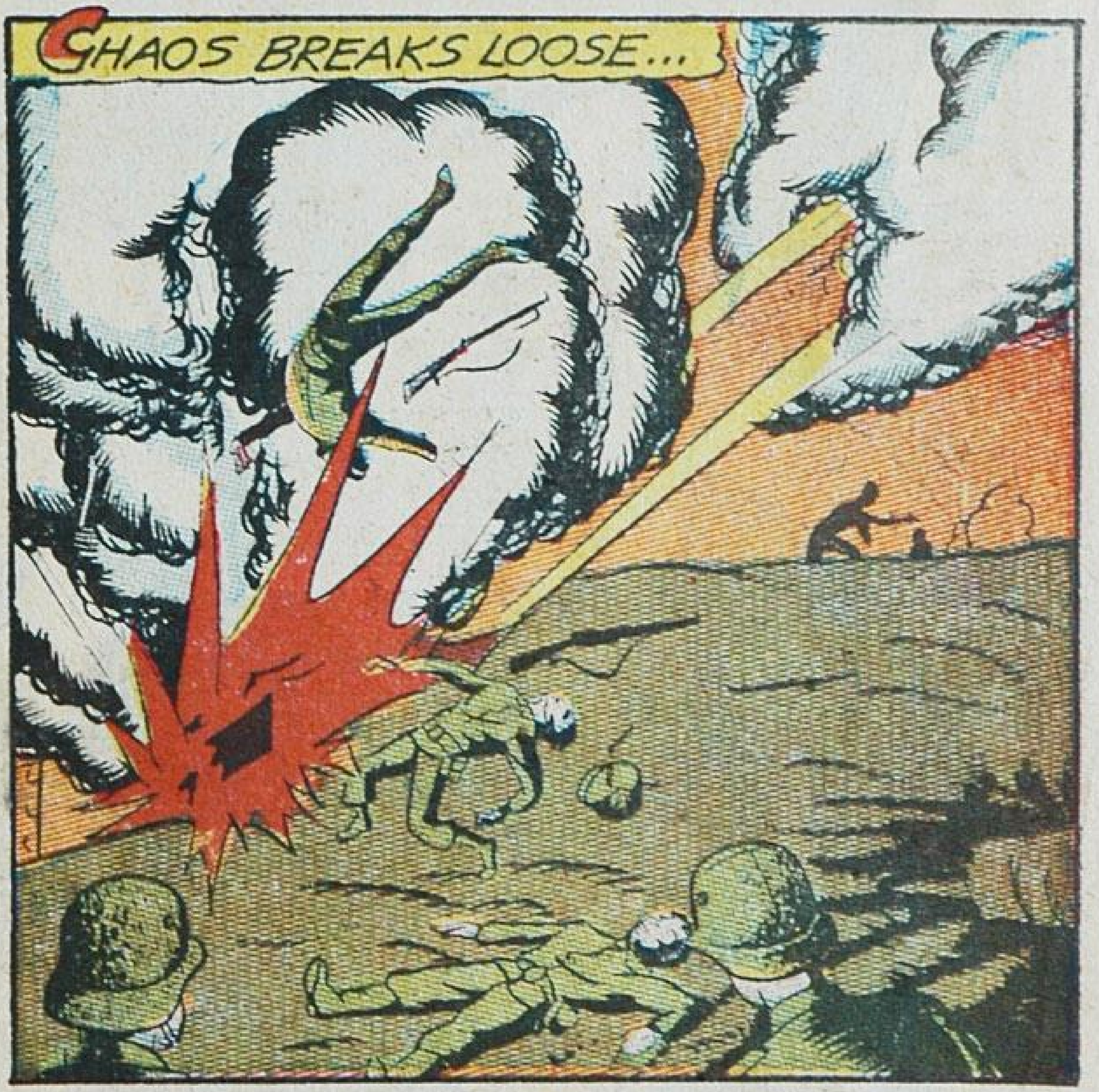

SHTOP IT! YOU FOOL, OR HE VILL DIE! VE NEED DER INFORMATION HE CAN GIVE! VE VILL BE BACK LATER!
A FEW SECONDS LATER A COLUMN OF SMOKE RISES FROM THE NAZIS' DISCARDED CIGARETTE...
I MUST GET HIM OUT OF HERE, HE'S IN BAD SHAPE! WAIT.... I HAVE AN IDEA!
HELP! HELP!
AN INSTANT LATER A GUARD COMES RUNNING TOWARDS THE CELL...
VOT ISS?!

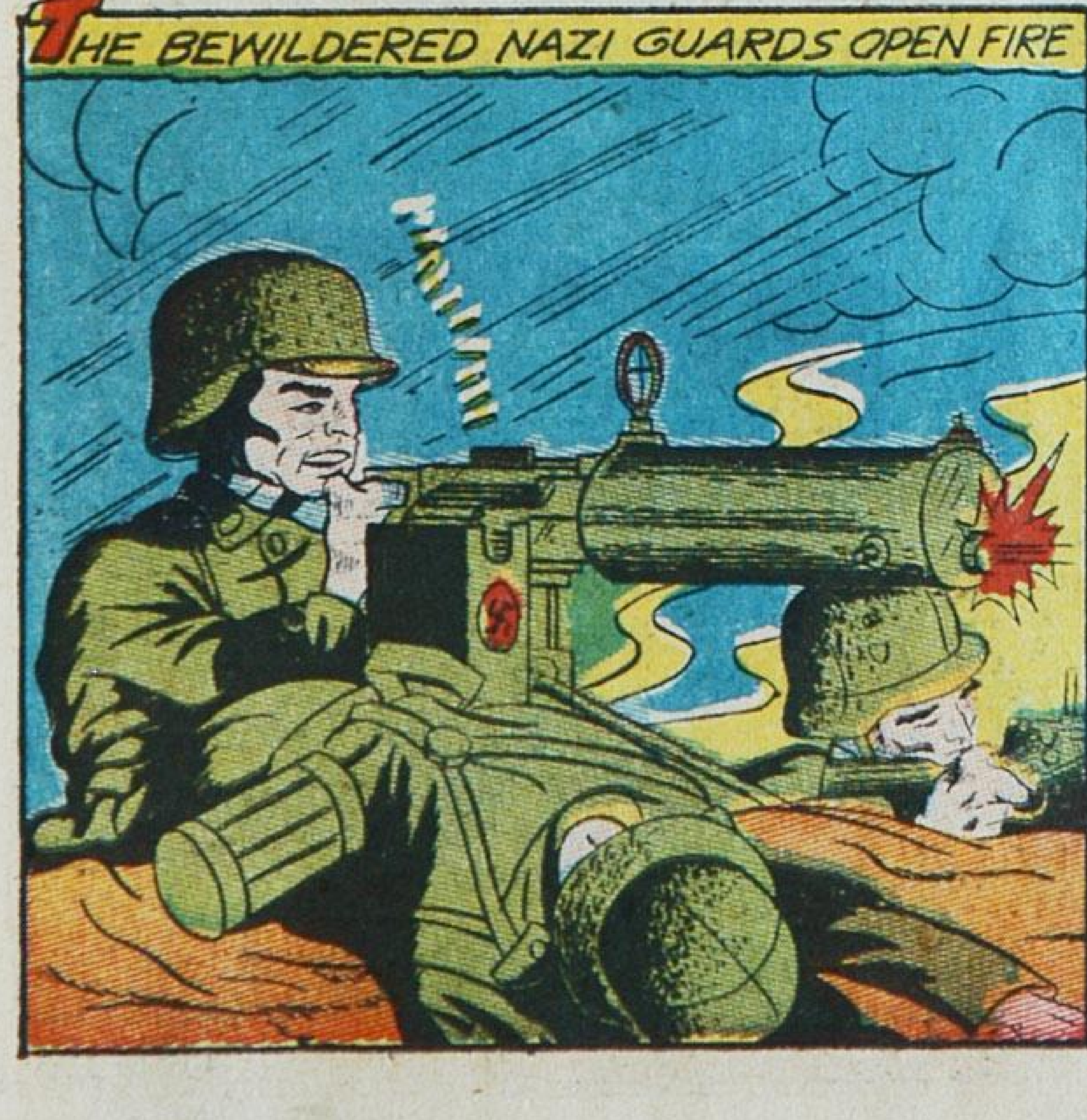
AS THE GUARD PASSES THE CELL, A MIGHTY ARM REACHES OUT AND...
STEEL THEWED MUSCLES CONTRACT...A FEW MINUTES LATER A LIMP BODY LIES STILL IN DEATH...AND A CELL DOOR GAPES OPENLY...
AFTER FREEING MARCEL FROM THE HANDS OF THE GESTAPO, THE VISION RETURNS TO THE MEETING PLACE OF THE FRENCH PATRIOTS...
SOMEBODY'S GOING TO GET A SURPRISE!
MARCEL!
LATER...
MONSIEUR LE VISION, WE ARE GRATEFUL TO HAVE YOU WORKING WITH US! THE NAZI TROOP TRAIN MUST BE DESTROYED! THE TROOPS ARE BOUND FOR MARSEILLE WHERE THEY WILL BE SHIPPED TO ITALY TO REPEL ANY ALLIED INVASION! WE MUST NOT FAIL!
THE NEXT NIGHT...
SO QUIET TONIGHT, EH, HERMAN!
I VISH DOT TRAIN VOULD HURRY! I'M GETTING NERVOUS!
MEANWHILE, APPROACHING THE GUARDED BRIDGE...
THERE IS STILL A LITTLE TIME LEFT BEFORE WE ATTACK ZE FILTHY BOCHE!

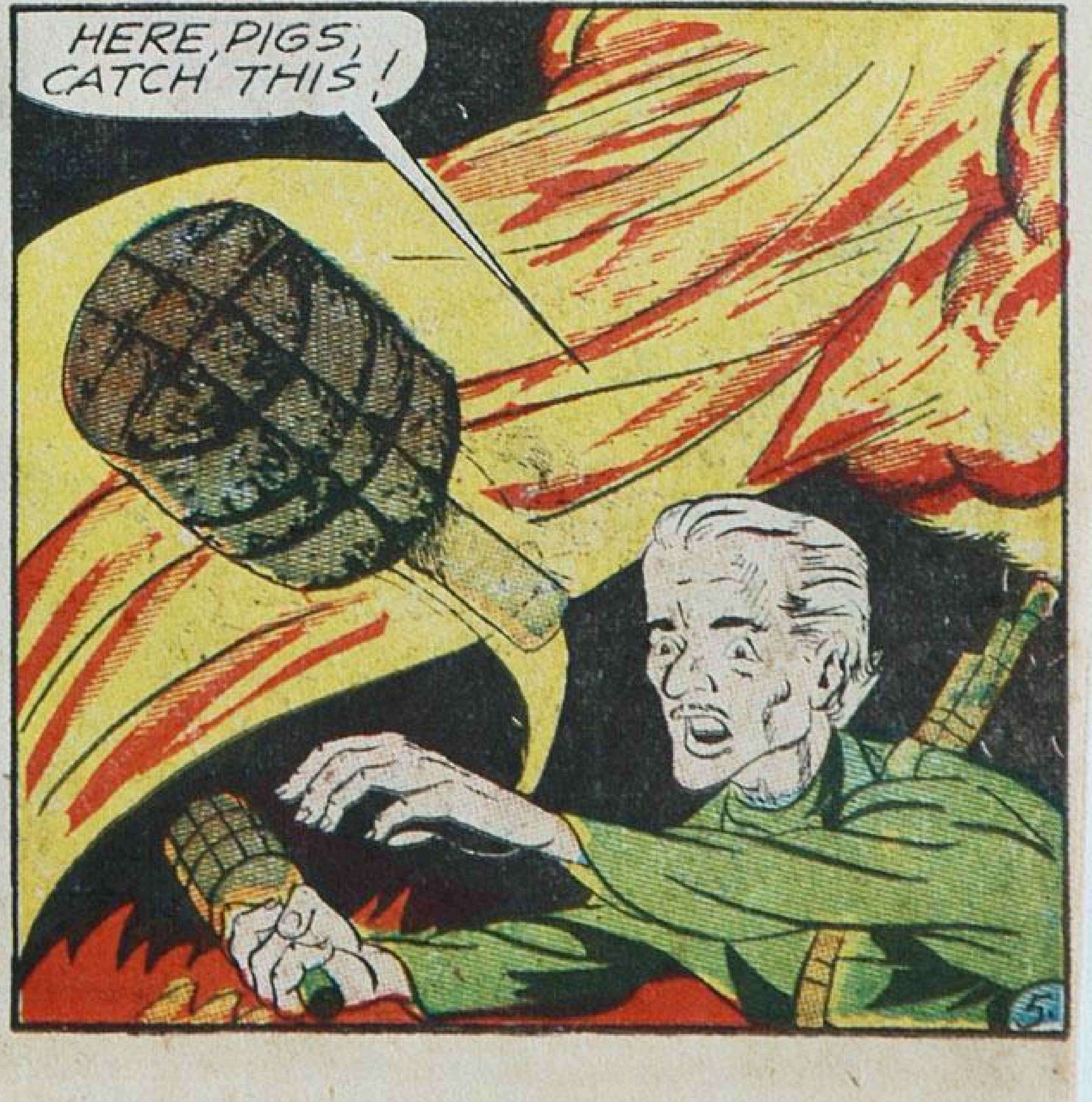

OUR GOOD FRIEND, LE VISION MUST BE NEARING THE BRIDGE BY NOW!
REMEMBER, WHEN I GIVE ZE ORDER, SPREAD OUT... AND AS ZE AMERICANS SAY, "GIVE ZEM ZE WORKS"!


WHILE THE PATRIOTS PREPARE TO ATTACK, THE VISION HAS MADE HIS WAY ALONG THE RIVER EDGE AND IS NEARING THE BRIDGE...
IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR THE FIREWORKS!
T.N.T.

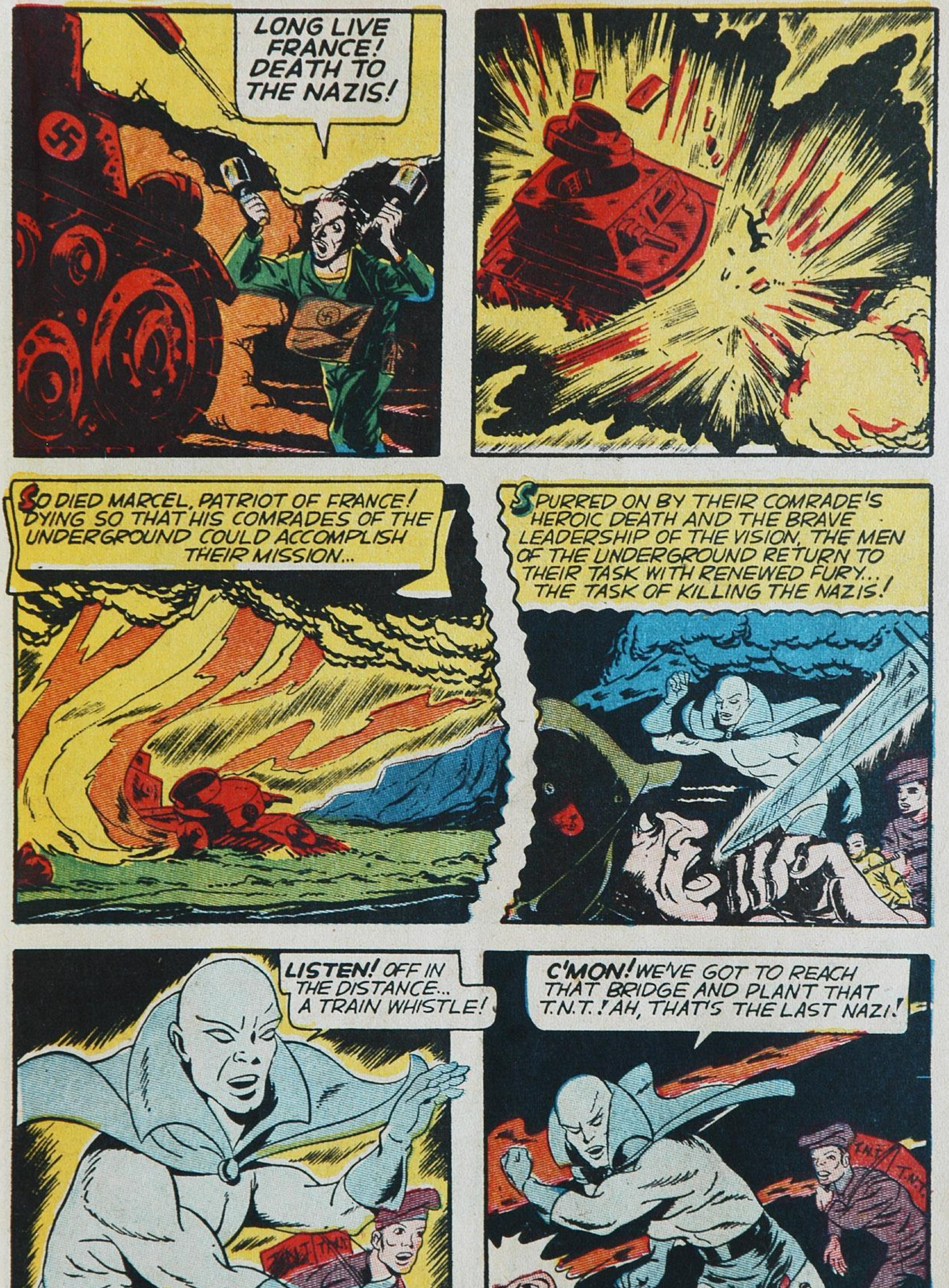

AND THEN...
VIVE LA FRANCE!

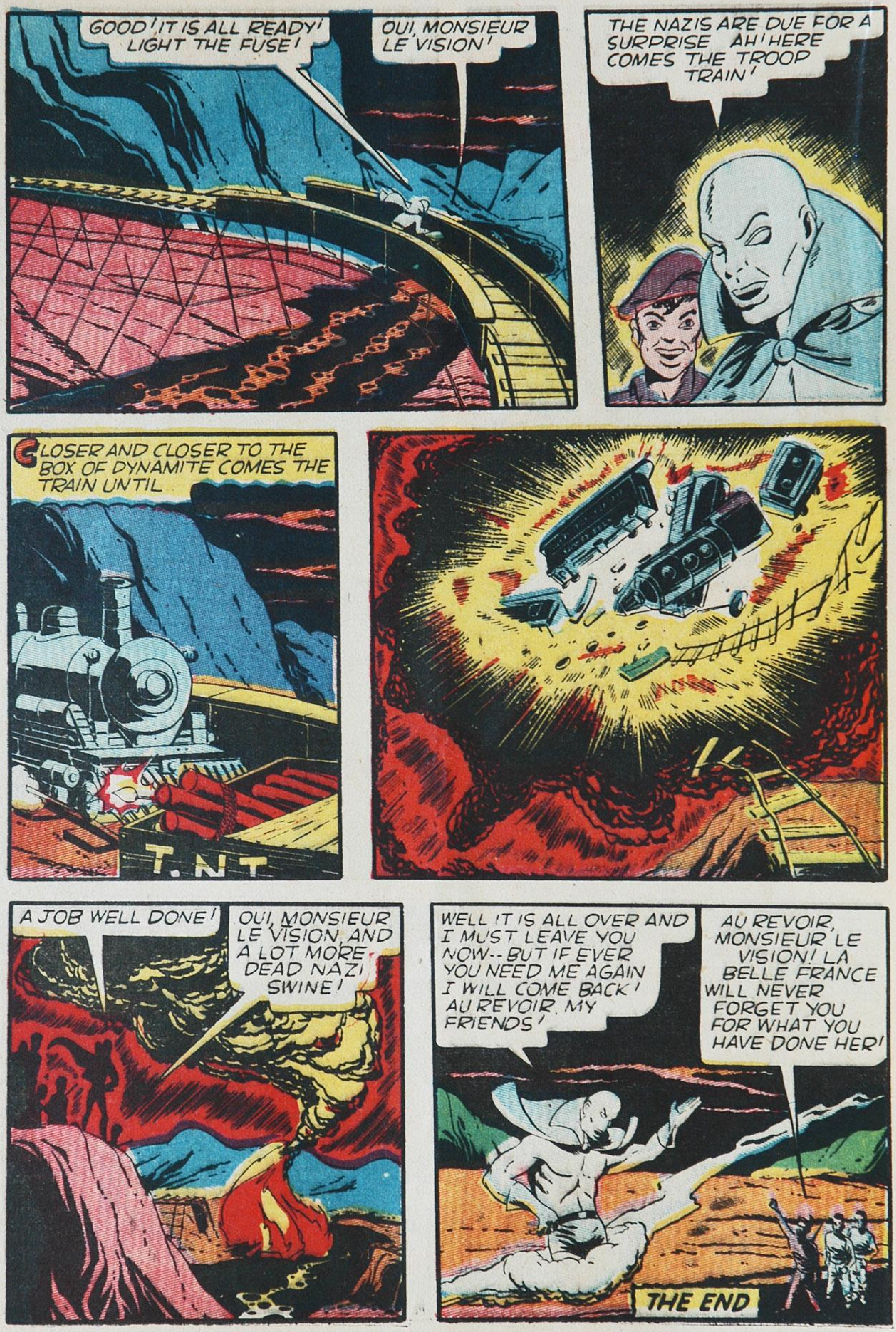

CHAOS BREAKS LOOSE...


THE BEWILDERED NAZI GUARDS OPEN FIRE


HERE, PIGS, CATCH THIS!

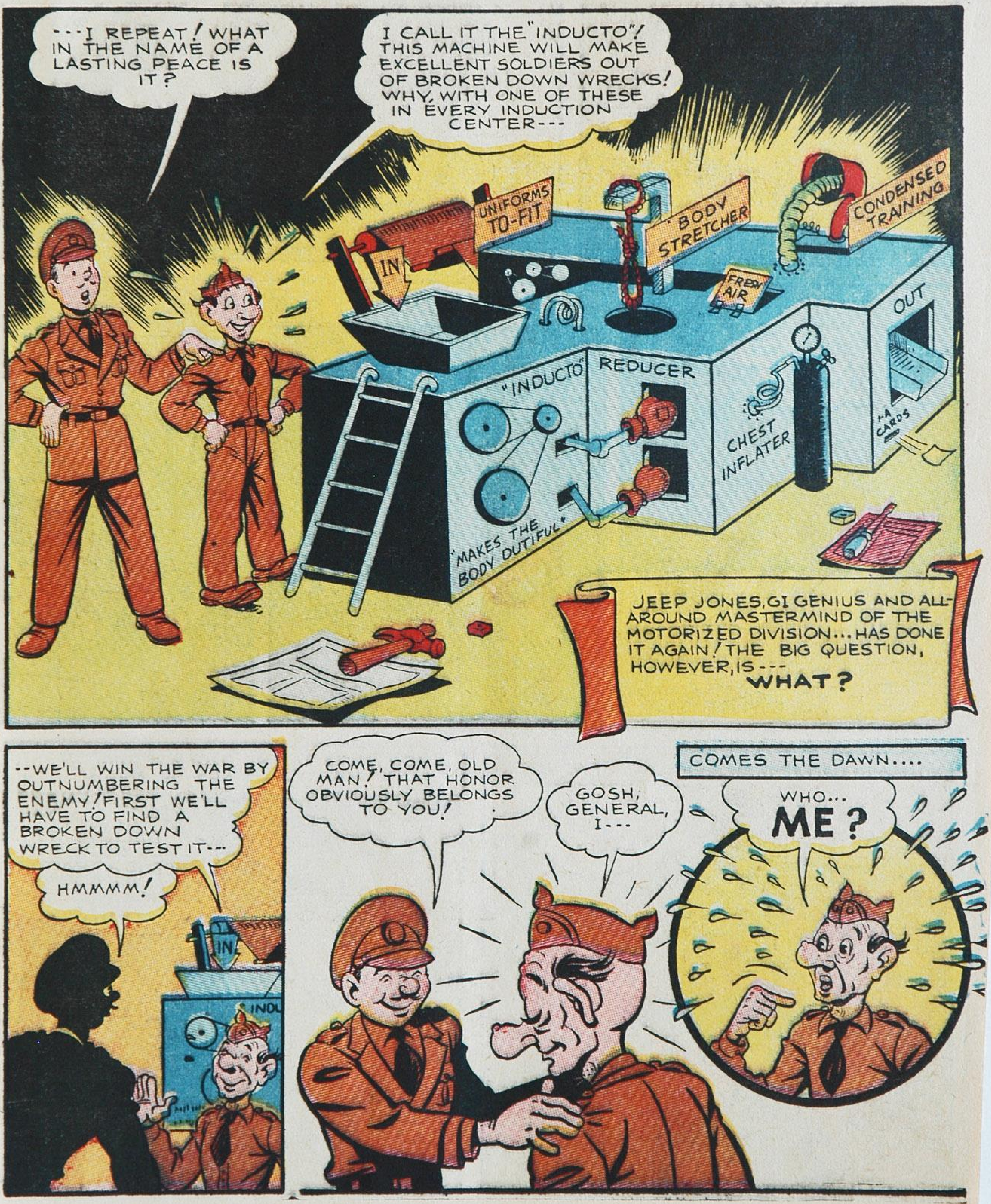
THE UNDERGROUND FIGHTS DESPERATELY FOR CONTROL OF THE BRIDGE AND SLOWLY BUT SURELY THEY GAIN VALUABLE GROUND STEADILY PUSHING BACK THE NAZIS!
LOOK! THEY ARE RUNNING!
SEND OUT DER TANK! DOT VILL SHTOP DEM!
MARCEL, LOOK! THEY'RE SENDING A TANK AGAINST US!
SACRE! WE CANNOT WIN AGAINST A TANK! THERE IS ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP IT!
...AND BEFORE THE VISION CAN STOP HIM, MARCEL GRABS A SACK OF GRENADES AND LEAPS INTO THE PATH OF THE UNCOMING TANK!
MARCEL! STOP!


LONG LIVE FRANCE! DEATH TO THE NAZIS!
SO DIED MARCEL, PATRIOT OF FRANCE! DYING SO THAT HIS COMRADES OF THE UNDERGROUND COULD ACCOMPLISH THEIR MISSION...
SPURRED ON BY THEIR COMRADE'S HEROIC DEATH AND THE BRAVE LEADERSHIP OF THE VISION, THE MEN OF THE UNDERGROUND RETURN TO THEIR TASK WITH RENEWED FURY... THE TASK OF KILLING THE NAZIS!
LISTEN! OFF IN THE DISTANCE... A TRAIN WHISTLE!
C'MON! WE'VE GOT TO REACH THAT BRIDGE AND PLANT THAT T.N.T.! AH, THAT'S THE LAST NAZI!
T.N.T.
T.N.T.
7


GOOD! IT IS ALL READY! LIGHT THE FUSE!
OUI, MONSIEUR LE VISION!
THE NAZIS ARE DUE FOR A SURPRISE AH! HERE COMES THE TROOP TRAIN!
CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE BOX OF DYNAMITE COMES THE TRAIN UNTIL
T.N.T.
A JOB WELL DONE!
OUI, MONSIEUR LE VISION AND A LOT MORE DEAD NAZI SWINE!
WELL IT IS ALL OVER AND I MUST LEAVE YOU NOW-- BUT IF EVER YOU NEED ME AGAIN I WILL COME BACK! AU REVOIR, MY FRIENDS!
AU REVOIR, MONSIEUR LE VISION! LA BELLE FRANCE WILL NEVER FORGET YOU FOR WHAT YOU HAVE DONE HER!
THE END

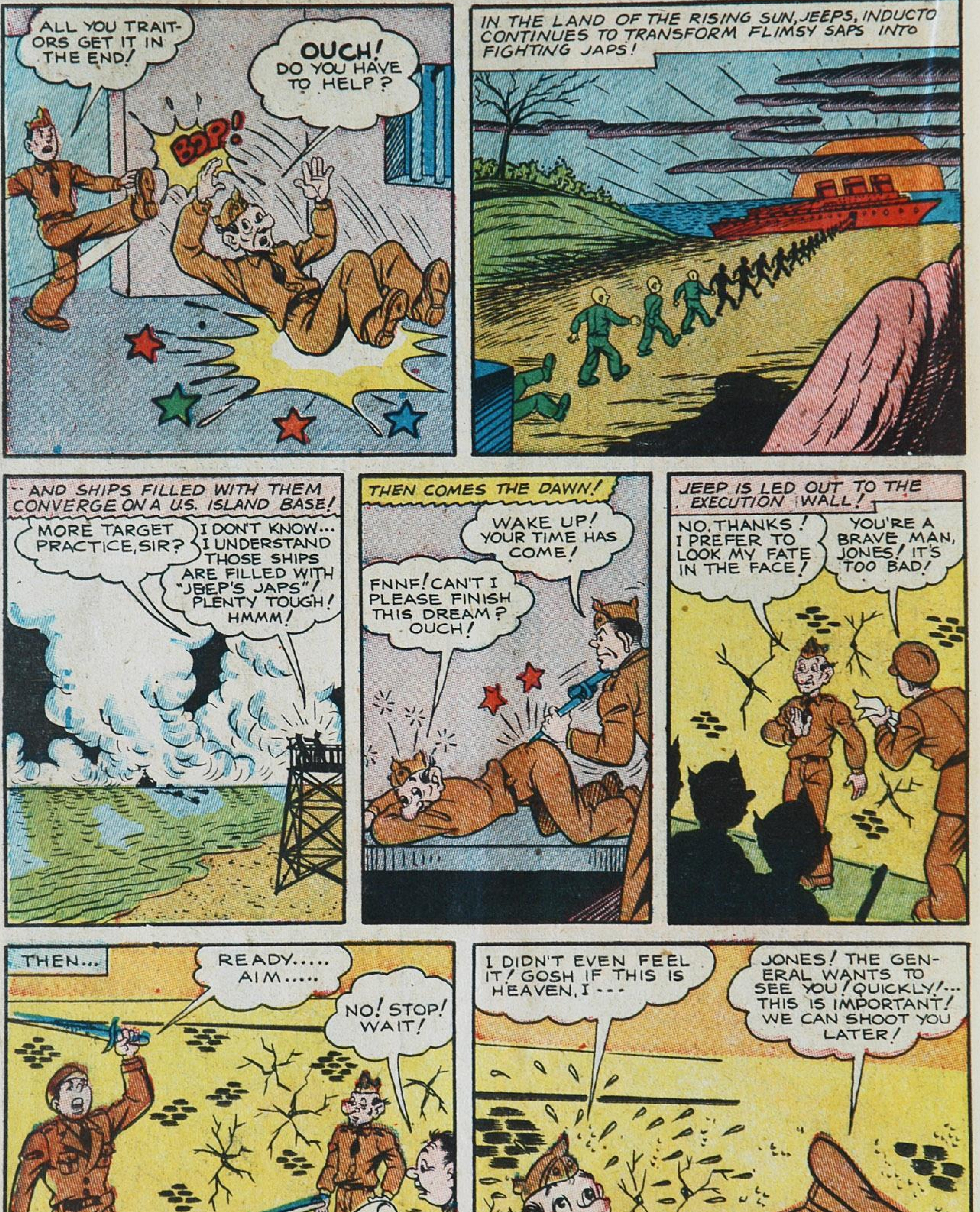
JEEP JONES

By CHIC STONE AND RAY GILL


---I REPEAT! WHAT IN THE NAME OF A LASTING PEACE IS IT?
I CALL IT THE "INDUCTO"! THIS MACHINE WILL MAKE EXCELLENT SOLDIERS OUT OF BROKEN DOWN WRECKS! WHY, WITH ONE OF THESE IN EVERY INDUCTION CENTER---
UNIFORMS TO-FIT
IN
BODY STRETCHER
FRESH AIR
CONDENSED TRAINING
OUT
"INDUCTO"
REDUCER
CHEST INFLATER
1-A CARDS
"MAKES THE BODY DUTIFUL"
JEEP JONES, GI GENIUS AND ALL-AROUND MASTERMIND OF THE MOTORIZED DIVISION... HAS DONE IT AGAIN! THE BIG QUESTION, HOWEVER, IS--- WHAT?
--WE'LL WIN THE WAR BY OUTNUMBERING THE ENEMY! FIRST WE'LL HAVE TO FIND A BROKEN DOWN WRECK TO TEST IT--
HMMMM!
IN
INDU
COME, COME, OLD MAN! THAT HONOR OBVIOUSLY BELONGS TO YOU!
GOSH, GENERAL, I---
COMES THE DAWN....
WHO... ME?

HA! HA! I'M JOKING, JONES, TAKE THE MACHINE TO WASHINGTON FOR AN OFFICAL TEST-- I'LL MEET YOU THERE!
HEH!--- SOME JOKE! YES, SIR... I WILL... IT'S COLLAPSIBLE!
THAT AFTERNOON--
PHYSICAL WRECK, AM I? HMMMPH! I'LL SHOW 'EM!
HANDLE WITH CARE
THIS SIDE UP
A SHORT TIME LATER...
I'LL BE A HERO THAT'S WHAT! I'LL GET THE --- UH-OH! THIS IS ONE HECK OF A PLACE TO HITCH HIKE!
HANDLE WITH CARE
JEEP'S SOFT HEART GETS THE BETTER OF HIM!
HOP IN, PAL!
SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, THE HEAD CAN BE SOFTER THAN THE HEART!
A JAP!
DRIVE- TO HONORABLE RIGHT, PLEASE- OR SHALL BE FORCED TO BLOW HEAD INTO DITCH! THANK YOU!
HOPING TO OUTWIT THEM JEEP COMPLIES, HOWEVER...
LISTEN, YOU BANDY LEGGED BANDITS, I'LL ----UHHHH!
NO BANDIT!-- AM HONORABLE JAPANESE HEH! HEH! SO SOLLY!
BASH!
A FEW HOURS LATER. OVERDUE JEEP IS HUNTED FOR BY A SEARCHING PARTY!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! THIS NOTE SAYS JONES IS A TRAITOR! HE'LL BE COURT-MARTIALED... POOR JEEP!
Z-Z-Z-Z-Z
M.P.
U.S.
2

JEEP IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE GENERAL!
IF THAT CONTRAPTION WERE ACTUALLY IMPORTANT, YOU'D BE COURT MARTIALED!
OH, WOE!
IF THE GENERAL ONLY KNEW - - - -
"AND FROM THE SLOT COME JAPS THE LIKE OF WHICH JAPAN HAS NEVER DREAMED!
THE GENERAL HAS HIS WAY...
I ONLY WISH YOU HAD ENOUGH SENSE TO PUT HIGH EXPLOSIVES IN THESE THINGS— THEY MIGHT DO SOME GOOD!
R-RING!
THE WORST IS TRUE!
THEY STARTED TO USE IT! AND IT WORKS?!! TAKE HIM AWAY!!
THAT NIGHT-- A MILITARY COURT FINDS JEEP---
GUILTY! THIS COURT SENTENCES YOU TO BE---
JEEP IS LED AWAY---
---SHOT AT DAWN!
OHHH! I NEVER DID LIKE TO GET UP EARLY!


ALL YOU TRAITORS GET IT IN THE END!
OUCH! DO YOU HAVE TO HELP?
BOP!
IN THE LAND OF THE RISING SUN, JEEPS, INDUCTO CONTINUES TO TRANSFORM FLIMSY SAPS INTO FIGHTING JAPS!
...AND SHIPS FILLED WITH THEM CONVERGE ON A U.S. ISLAND BASE!
MORE TARGET PRACTICE, SIR?
I DON'T KNOW... I UNDERSTAND THOSE SHIPS ARE FILLED WITH "JEEP'S JAPS"! PLENTY TOUGH! HMMM!
THEN COMES THE DAWN!
WAKE UP! YOUR TIME HAS COME!
FNNF! CAN'T I PLEASE FINISH THIS DREAM? OUCH!
JEEP IS LED OUT TO THE EXECUTION WALL!
NO, THANKS! I PREFER TO LOOK MY FATE IN THE FACE!
YOU'RE A BRAVE MAN, JONES! IT'S TOO BAD!
THEN...
READY..... AIM.....
NO! STOP! WAIT!
I DIDN'T EVEN FEEL IT! GOSH IF THIS IS HEAVEN, I ---
JONES! THE GENERAL WANTS TO SEE YOU! QUICKLY!... THIS IS IMPORTANT! WE CAN SHOOT YOU LATER!
4

PLEASE, SIR! SHOOT ME AND GET IT OVER---
JONES!
QUIET! YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND! NEITHER DO I FOR THAT MATTER --THAT'S WHY I SENT FOR YOU!
WHAT, SIR!
PERHAPS YOU CAN EXPLAIN WHY-- IN THE LAST TWENTY FOUR HOURS-- FIVE THOUSAND JAPS HAVE ACTUALLY SURRENDERED OR COME OVER TO OUR SIDE AND FOUGHT WITH US AGAINST THEIR OWN ARMIES! CAN YOU?
JAPS FIGHTING WITH US?
YES, BLAST IT! THE ONES THAT WERE SENT THROUGH YOUR MACHINE! IN ALL MY YEARS I'VE NEVER BEEN SO STUMPED! WHY??
MY MACHINE? OH, OF COURSE! THOSE DUMB BUNNIES DIDN'T CHANGE A THING!
SO?
SO--THE CONDENSED TRAINING SECTION TAUGHT THEM WHAT WE'RE FIGHTING FOR--AND MADE THEM EXTREMELY PATRIOTIC... TO THE STARS AND STRIPES!
JONES, YOU'RE A HERO AND A GENIUS!
THANK YOU, SIR! BUT I WON'T BE HAPPY TILL I GET IT BACK FOR--
NO! LEAVE IT WHERE IT IS! IT'S DONE MORE GOOD IN ONE DAY THAN GOEBBLES HAS DONE IN TEN YEARS! COME, JOIN ME IN SOME TARGET PRACTICE...
PLEASE, SIR... THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT SHOOTING THAT---ER---SICKENS ME!
THE END-

the HUMAN EEL

THE sheeting of ice on the narrow, winding channel was pretty well broken up, and Tod had made a good day's catch of eels. Pulling the old boat up into the marsh grass, Tod started toward the shack, the long-pronged eel pole in one hand, the bucket with his catch in the other hand. At the hotel in the village it would bring a couple of bucks, which wasn't bad for a few hours' work.

Inside the door of the shack Tod paused . . . Visitors to this part of the country were almost an oddity, but Tod discovered that he had a caller now. At the table a man was seated. A strand of yellowish hair stuck out from under a battered grey hat.

Tod introduced himself. "People don't come around often. Before the war started there were plenty of tourists and campers. Now . . ."

"I know," Hardy admitted. "Now everything's changed. Me . . . I used to have a good, respectable job. But that's changed. I've got a job but it's different from what I used to do."

At supper Hardy said, "Won't be around long. Got turned down by the Army docs. Ticker not good enough. Told me to rest up a while."

Tod nodded. "Hang around as long as you want. Plenty of sea food to eat, and I get by well enough. This is the right place for a rest."

It didn't occur to Tod for some time that Hardy might not be on the up and up. Hardy talked little and Tod had decided it wasn't any of his business.

The two of them walked to the village one day when Tod took in a catch of soft shells and more eels. Hardy commented, "I'd go nuts sticking around here long. What do you do besides eeling?"

"Nothing much," Tod admitted. "Tramp around and take it easy. It's fun out along the beach . . ."

"Beach-comber," Hardy muttered, shaking his head. "Can't see anything in that. How do you stand with the draft?"

"Going in first of the month," Tod admitted. "That's why I'm loafing."

TOD stopped at the hotel, disposed of his catch and went down to the little store, where he purchased what supplies he needed for the week.

On the way back along the marsh road Hardy asked, "Nobody else around here? I never see any houses."

Tod admitted, "A few beach cottages are all. The war's stopped people from traveling."

"About fifty miles from the city, aren't we?"

"That's right."

The rest of the way Tod found himself wondering why Hardy was curious. There was, Tod told himself later, something about Hardy he didn't quite like; some outward appearance that made a guy think of rum runners and hijackers. What was Hardy doing out here? Had he really been turned down by the Army physicians, advised to get away for a rest?

Hardy kept out of the way, and, as nearly as Tod could find out, he spent most of his time over near the ocean.

THE tide was just coming in, and, without wondering why, Tod poled in the direction of the ocean, coming out where the mouth of the river widened. He could see the edge of the beach. Keeping the boat in close to the shore, Tod surveyed the lonely reaches of the beach, listening to the crumbling of breakers against the sand, feeling the damp kiss of spray upon his face. Hardy . . .

It was almost dark now and suddenly Hardy came into sight, walking down from the brush to the beach, standing a short distance out in the open. Tod saw Hardy's hand move, and a second later saw the blink of the flashlight. Off . . . on . . . off . . . on . . .

As Tod watched, his fingers gripping the long pole trembled, and his heart began pounding. Again and again Hardy's light flashed, sending its ray out to sea, into the darkness over the breaking surf. Hardy was signaling someone out there . . .

Unthinkingly Tod's fingers relaxed their grip and a second later the long pole slipped and struck the gunwale of the boat. It was loud enough to carry to Hardy, and as Tod crouched down, trembling, groping for the pole again, he saw Hardy's silhouetted figure whirl and race forward. . . .

"Okay," Hardy's gruff voice called. "Pole your boat in here, kid. Don't try to get away!"

TOD felt the nose slide up on the sand, listened to the soft grating of it against the wood. Hardy pulled it higher and the beam of the powerful flashlight slit the black and struck Tod's eyes.

"Snooping, eh?" Hardy muttered 'You ought to know better than that, kid—"

"I wasn't snooping," Tod answered. "The tide's just coming in and I've been eeling and saw you using the flashlight You—you were signaling someone out there! What for?"

Tod waited He'd stopped trembling. His hands gripped the long pole, trying to steady the crazy tumbling around of his mind

Hardy pushed the boat out, hopped in "We'll go back. Get your pole going, kid, and maybe I'd better warn you. No funny stuff Because it wouldn't be funny for you!"

TOD poled the boat slowly, watching the dim outline of the trees along the bank sliding past. It gave him a queer feeling to think that the man sitting in the front, watching him with a gun in his pocket ready to kill, was a traitor

Tod said harshly, "You're selling your own country short!"

"Maybe," Hardy admitted quietly "But what's the difference? It's not much of a country Everything I've got out of it I've worked hard for If the people in it are dumb enough to be sold short, that's their look out I'm not turning down good dough because of sentiment"

"I'll bet," Tod muttered, "you've never seen the inside of a church!"

Hardy didn't answer right away His body rocked at each stroke of the pole He drawled, "What's the dif? It's my life, kid. I'm making a little easy dough so that when things quiet down again, I can enjoy myself."

Tod was glad of the darkness, because his eyes were smarting and his lips trembled, and he knew Hardy would get a laugh out of him for feeling like that. But it went deeper No matter what Hardy was doing, whether he accomplished his purpose or not, Tod knew his life was in desperate danger

"Nice place out here," Hardy drawled again, as if reading Tod's thoughts through the night. "Nobody ever comes around You got any relatives, kid?"

"Of course—"

"Tough," Hardy said succinctly "They're gonna miss you"

THE nose of the boat whispered in among the weeds and Hardy got out swiftly, catlike, and turned instantly to watch.

"Never mind your catch," he said. "As it is, you were too late. I won't have to go back to the beach. I got an . . . answer. I've done my job, kid. Sometime tonight people are going to land on the beach. Nice people, who pay real wages!"

Tod got out and pulled the boat up into the weeds as far as he could. The pole lay on the ground He turned

Something made him do it—made him hurl himself at Hardy Hardy cursed and a split second later the flat bark of a gun smashed into Tod's face He felt the searing pain through the flesh of his side, and his fist drove home, finding a place on Hardy's face Hardy jerked his hands up to save himself from falling, and Tod sloshed forward through the slippery mud, driving again and again at the bulk of the man before him.

Regaining his balance, Hardy twisted sidewise Again his revolver barked and Ted felt the red-hot passage of the slug through his shoulder He toppled forward His hand touched the long, slender eeling pole. Hardy moved back, waiting, probably, to be sure . . .

With his right hand Tod gripped a sodden clump of mud. He gathered his strength, rolled to the side and straightened Again Hardy cursed and again the gun barked

Tod flung his hand out and the mud struck Hardy's blur of a face and he yelped with surprise and his feet slipped Frantically Tod snatched up the eeling pole, rose to his knees. He drove it forward, aiming high, putting everything he had into the thrust. He felt the tines sink, heard the strangled cry from Hardy as his knees went out from under him and he dropped

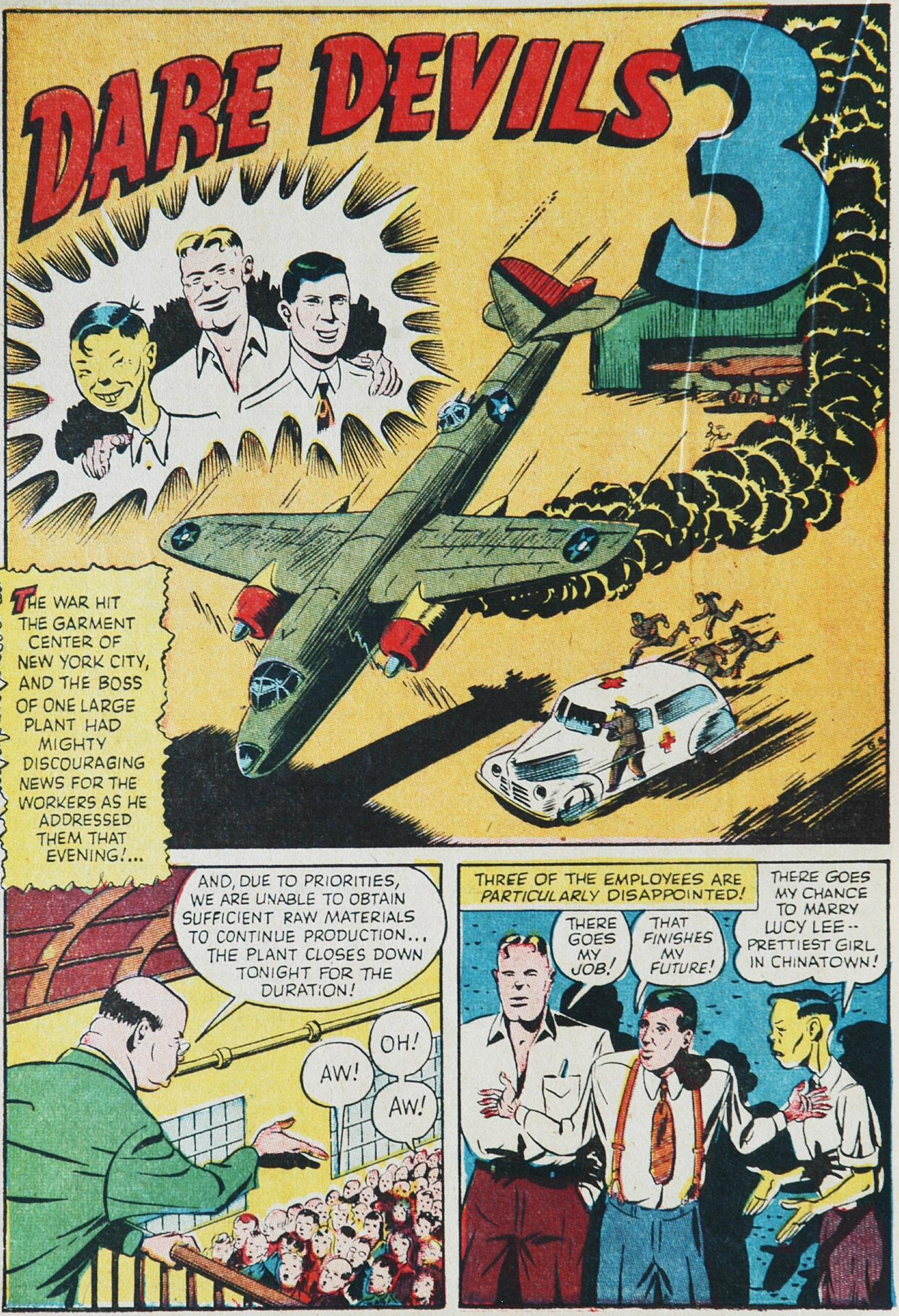
"It's not too bad," Tod told Hardy later at the shack, after patching him up "And no use trying to get loose. I made sure I tied those ropes tight Good and tight At least they'll hold while I go to the village."

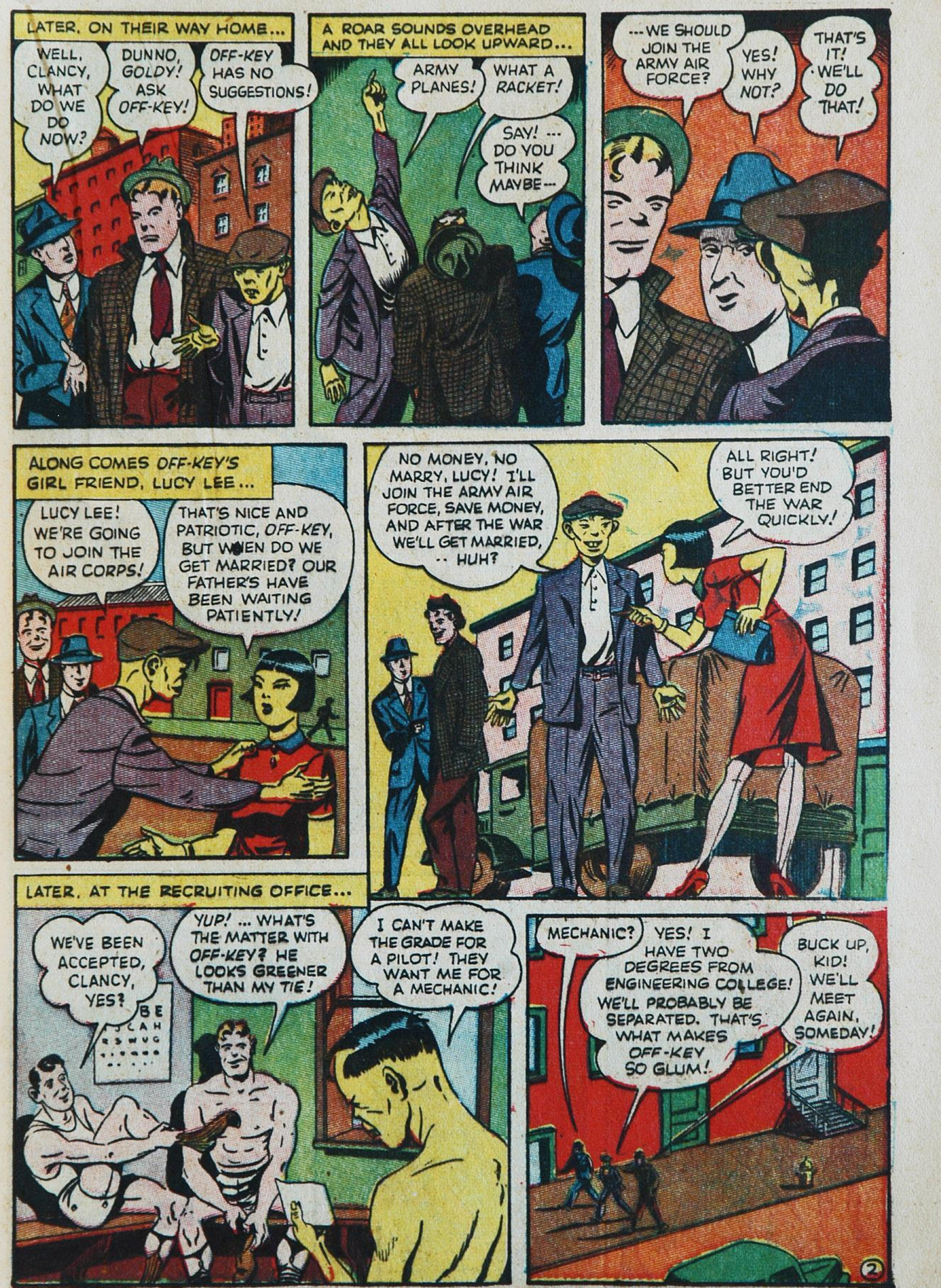
Hardy swallowed with difficulty His throat was swollen and purple where the eeling pole had struck. He muttered, "You're a damn fool, kid Two of us can work this—"

Tod washed the place on his side where Hardy's first bullet had nicked him He laughed softly 'Two people can't do the kind of work you go for,' he said. "You made a mistake, Hardy, calling the people in this country dumb. I'm not selling out."

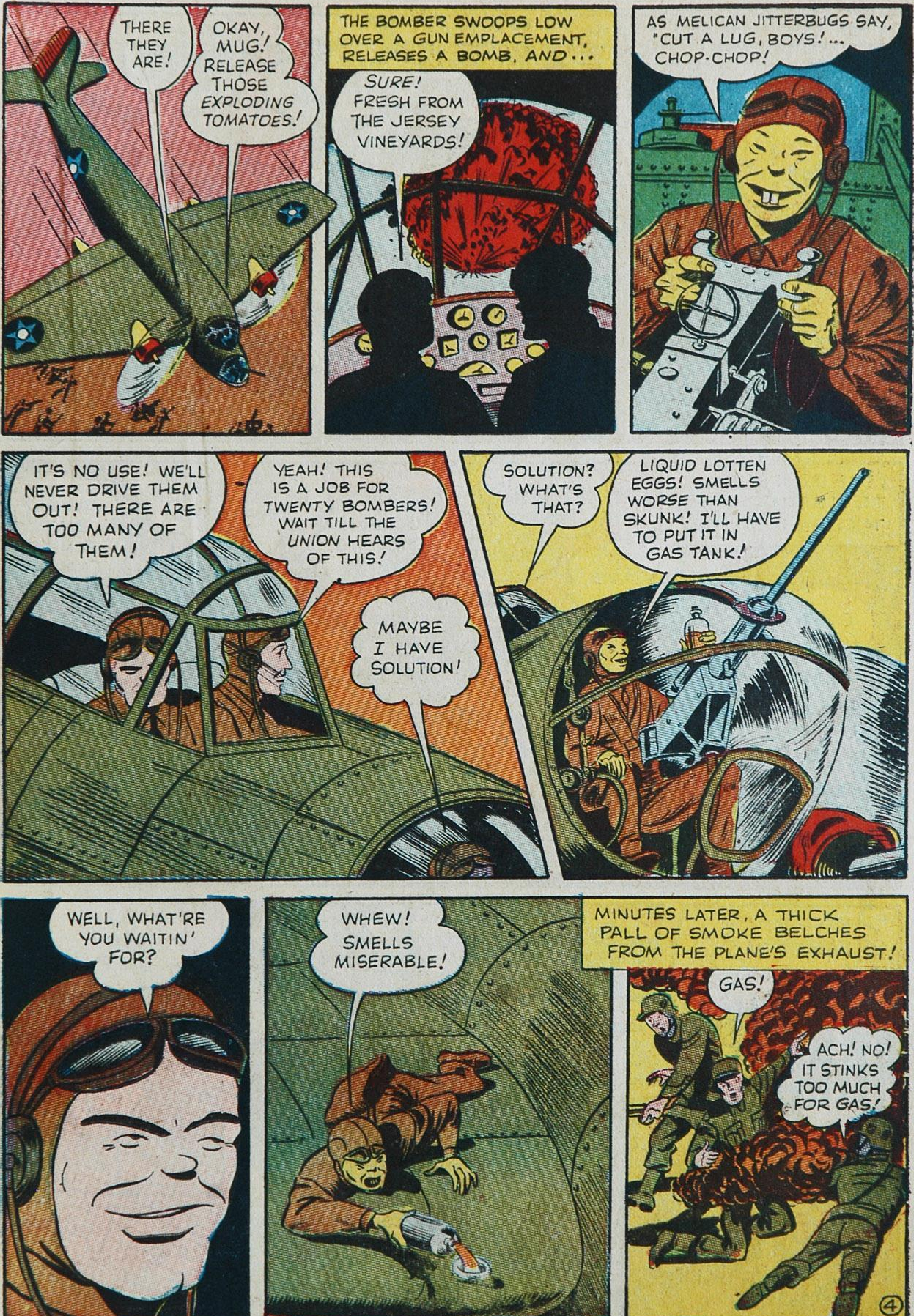
Tod got his bum arm through the sleeve of his jacket gingerly He said, "Take it easy a while I won't be long. Just long enough to go to the village and arrange a little party for those guys you signalled out there. Since they're friends of *yours*, I want to be sure they get a nice reception!"

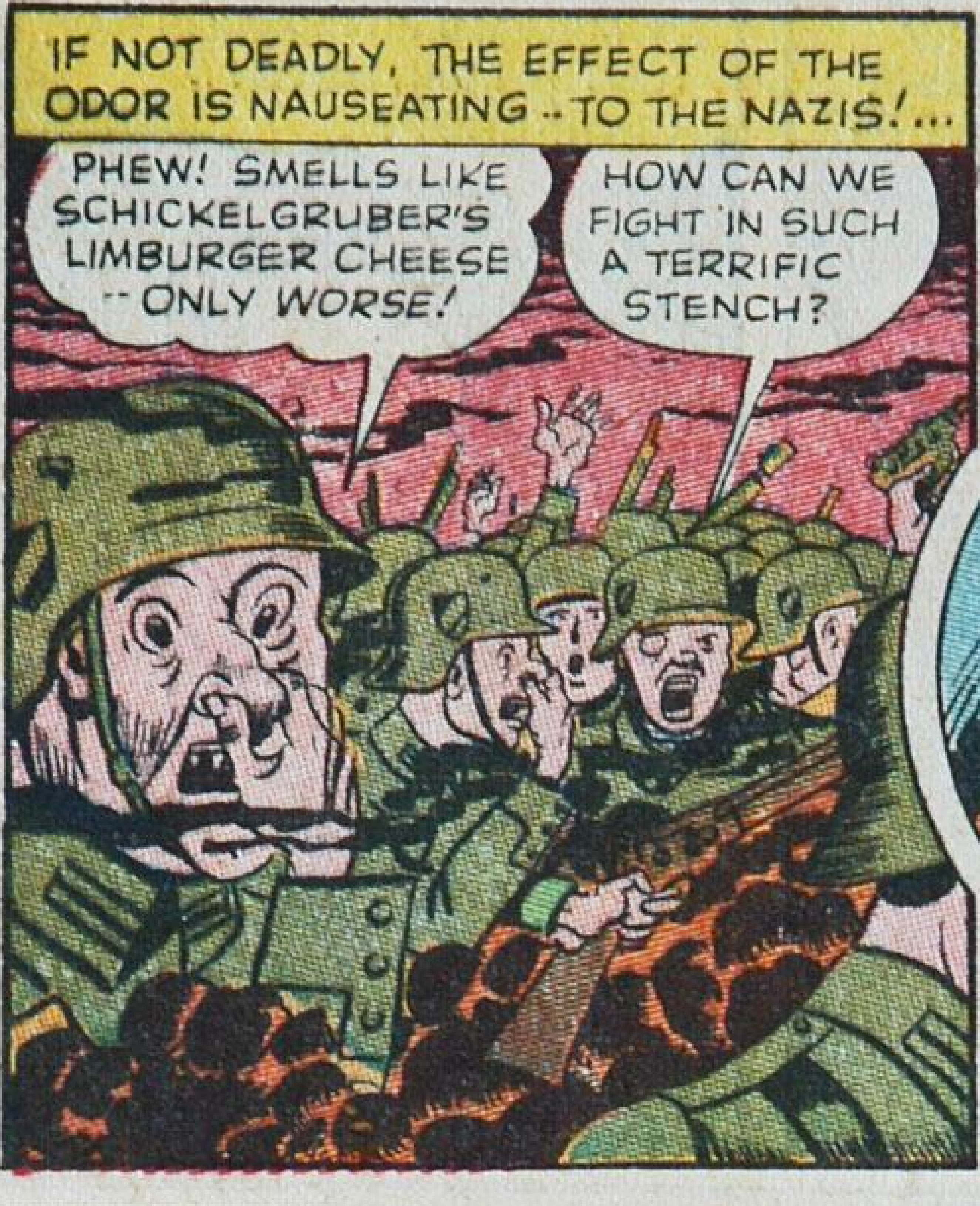
THE END

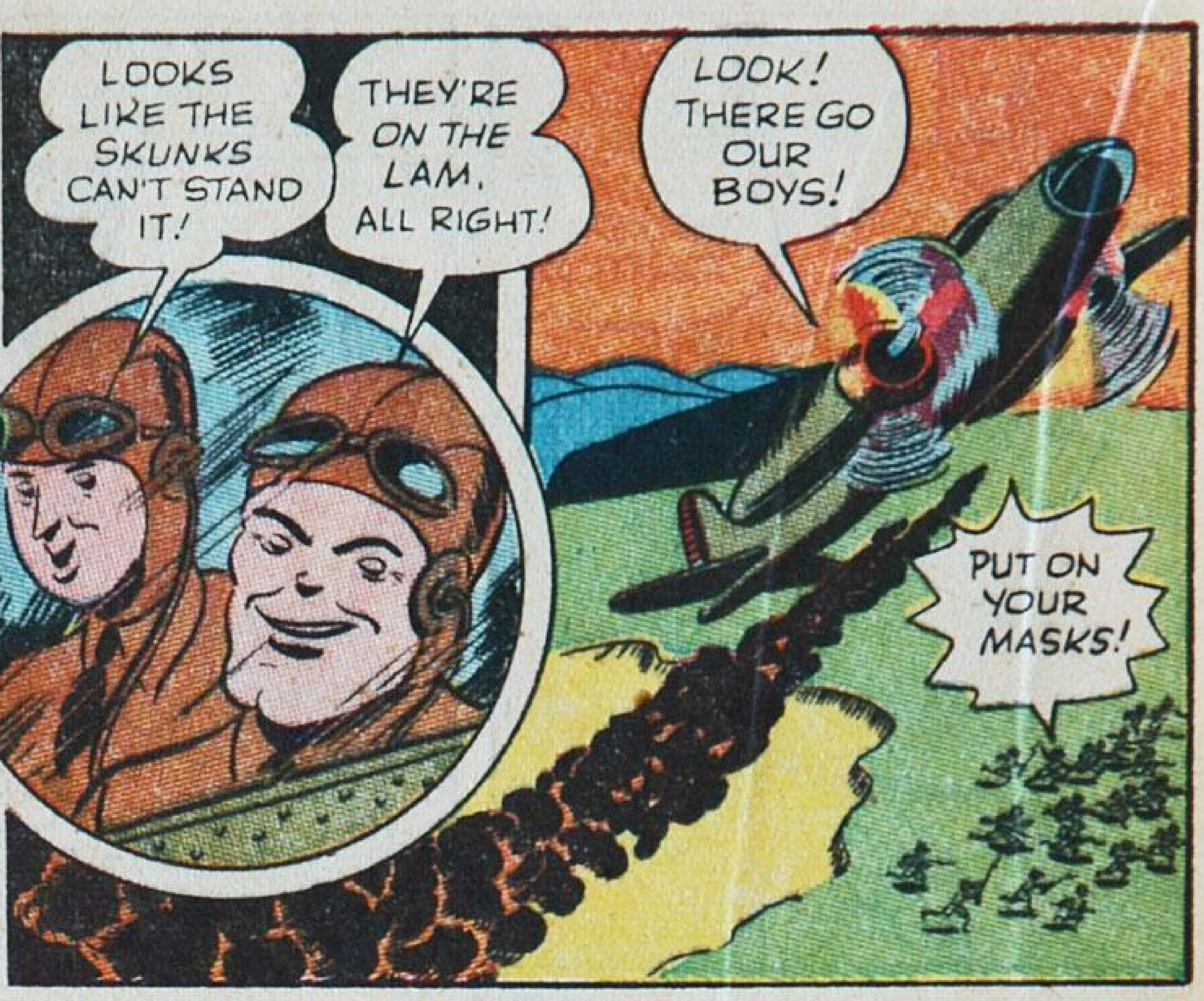

DARE DEVILS 3
THE WAR HIT THE GARMENT CENTER OF NEW YORK CITY, AND THE BOSS OF ONE LARGE PLANT HAD MIGHTY DISCOURAGING NEWS FOR THE WORKERS AS HE ADDRESSED THEM THAT EVENING!...
AND, DUE TO PRIORITIES, WE ARE UNABLE TO OBTAIN SUFFICIENT RAW MATERIALS TO CONTINUE PRODUCTION... THE PLANT CLOSES DOWN TONIGHT FOR THE DURATION!
OH!
AW!
AW!
THREE OF THE EMPLOYEES ARE *PARTICULARLY* DISAPPOINTED!
THERE GOES MY JOB!
THAT FINISHES MY FUTURE!
THERE GOES MY CHANCE TO MARRY LUCY LEE-- PRETTIEST GIRL IN CHINATOWN!

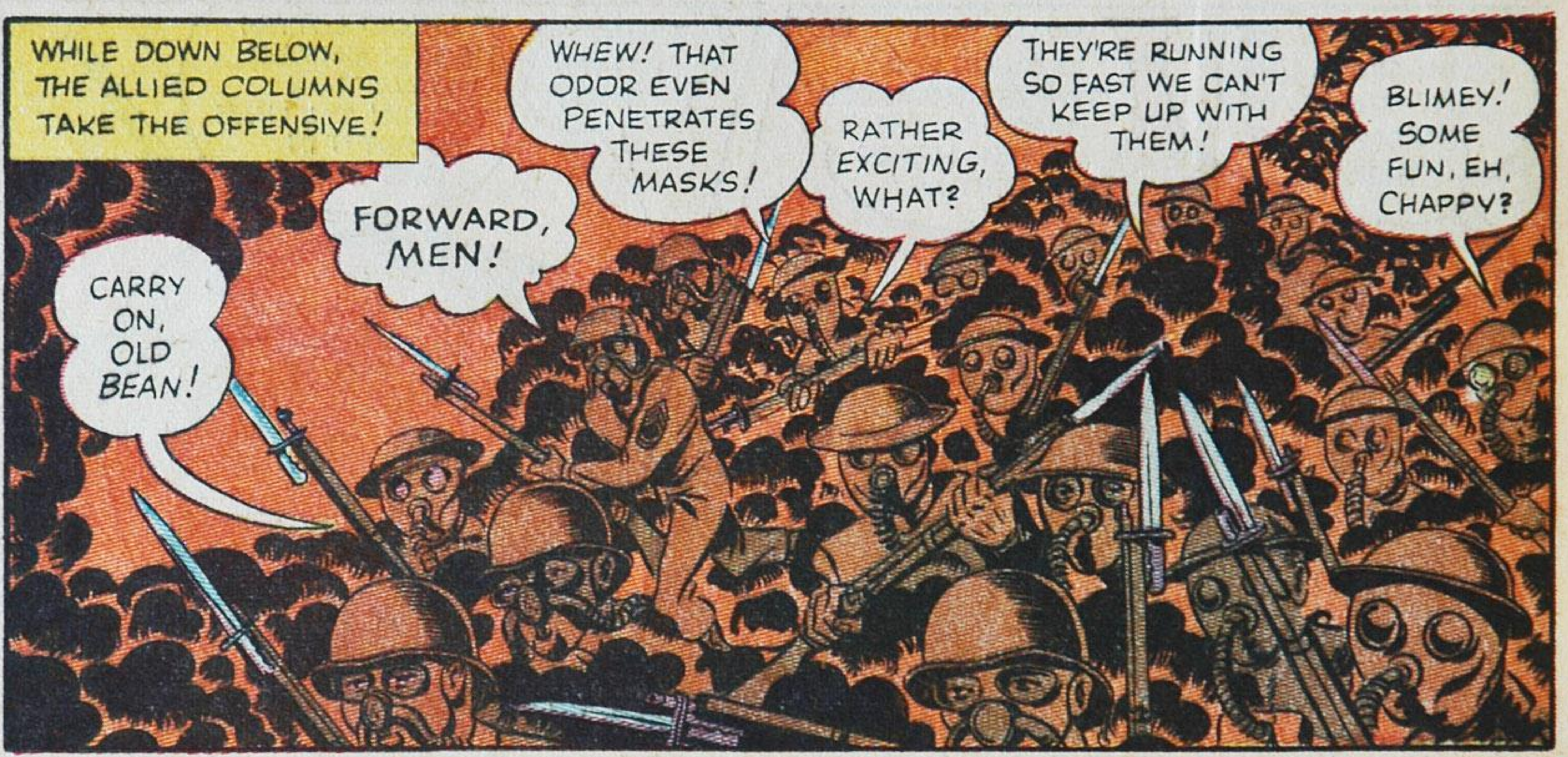

LATER, ON THEIR WAY HOME...
WELL, CLANCY, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
DUNNO, GOLDY! ASK OFF-KEY!
OFF-KEY HAS NO SUGGESTIONS!
A ROAR SOUNDS OVERHEAD AND THEY ALL LOOK UPWARD...
ARMY PLANES!
WHAT A RACKET!
SAY! --- DO YOU THINK MAYBE---
---WE SHOULD JOIN THE ARMY AIR FORCE?
YES! WHY NOT?
THAT'S IT! WE'LL DO THAT!
ALONG COMES OFF-KEY'S GIRL FRIEND, LUCY LEE...
LUCY LEE! WE'RE GOING TO JOIN THE AIR CORPS!
THAT'S NICE AND PATRIOTIC, OFF-KEY, BUT WHEN DO WE GET MARRIED? OUR FATHER'S HAVE BEEN WAITING PATIENTLY!
NO MONEY, NO MARRY, LUCY! I'LL JOIN THE ARMY AIR FORCE, SAVE MONEY, AND AFTER THE WAR WE'LL GET MARRIED, -- HUH?
ALL RIGHT! BUT YOU'D BETTER END THE WAR QUICKLY!
LATER, AT THE RECRUITING OFFICE...
WE'VE BEEN ACCEPTED, CLANCY, YES?
YUP! ... WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH OFF-KEY? HE LOOKS GREENER THAN MY TIE!
I CAN'T MAKE THE GRADE FOR A PILOT! THEY WANT ME FOR A MECHANIC!
MECHANIC?
YES! I HAVE TWO DEGREES FROM ENGINEERING COLLEGE! WE'LL PROBABLY BE SEPARATED. THAT'S WHAT MAKES OFF-KEY SO GLUM!
BUCK UP, KID! WE'LL MEET AGAIN, SOMEDAY!
2

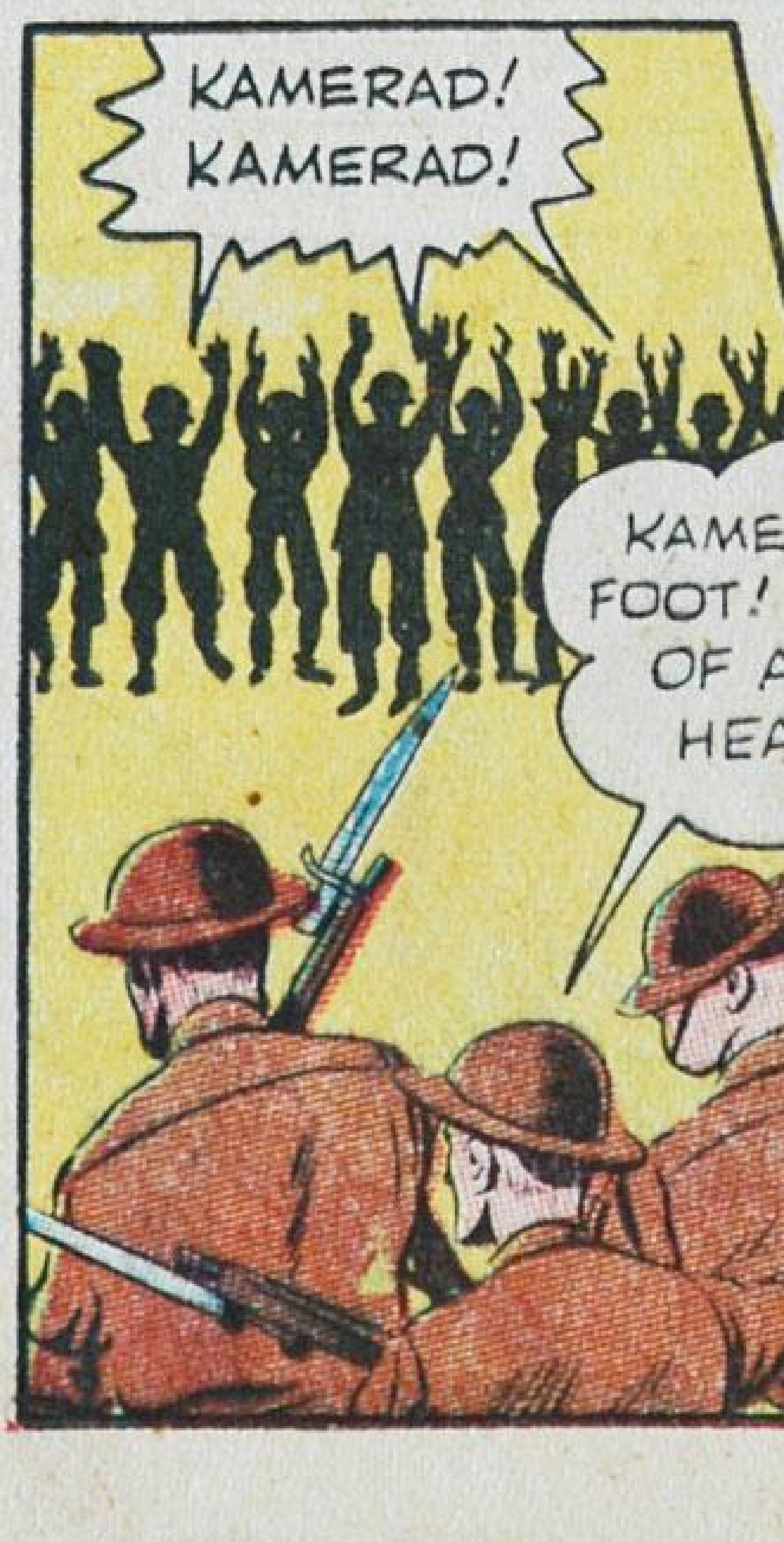
GOLDY AND CLANCY ARRIVE AT THEIR TRAINING BASE...
GOSH! LOOKS LIKE UNCLE SAM'S TURNING OUT PILOTS LIKE WE TURNED OUT PANTS!
THE MORE WE TURN OUT, THE SADDER THE AXIS GETS!
MANY MONTHS LATER...
WHEE! -- OUR COMMISSIONS! WE'RE SECOND LOOIES!
ASSIGNED TO ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT! PACK UP, CLANCY! WE LEAVE TOMORROW!
ALEXANDRIA, EGYPT!...
YIPPEE!
BRING ON THE HUN! HERE WE COME!
WE'LL HAVE PLENTY OF EXCITEMENT! SO CALM DOWN! THERE'S THE LINE OF CARS WAITING TO TAKE US TO THE AIRDROME!
NO TIME TO WASTE, GENTLEMEN! YOU GO UP AT ONCE! THERE'S A COLUMN OF AMERICAN AND BRITISH SOLDIERS TRAPPED ON THE EDGE OF THE QATTARA DEPRESSION. YOU MUST HELP THEM ESCAPE!
RIGHT! WHERE'S OUR PLANE, SIR?
YES, SIR!
THAT LIGHT BOMBER THERE! THE FLIGHT MECHANIC ASSIGNED TO YOU IS WORKING ON IT!
HMM! THAT MECHANIC REMINDS ME OF SOMEONE BACK IN BROOKLYN!
LET'S GO!
OFF-KEY!
YES! I'M YOUR MECHANIC! -- LEARNED YOU WERE COMING HERE AND REQUESTED SAME! -- PLANE READY NOW!
BOY! ARE WE GLAD TO SEE YOU!
THE REUNITED TRIO TAKES OFF!
WE GO TO QATARRA DEPRESSION?
YUP! NAZIS HAVE TRAPPED ONE OF OUR COLUMNS! WE GOTTA BLAST 'EM OUT!
3

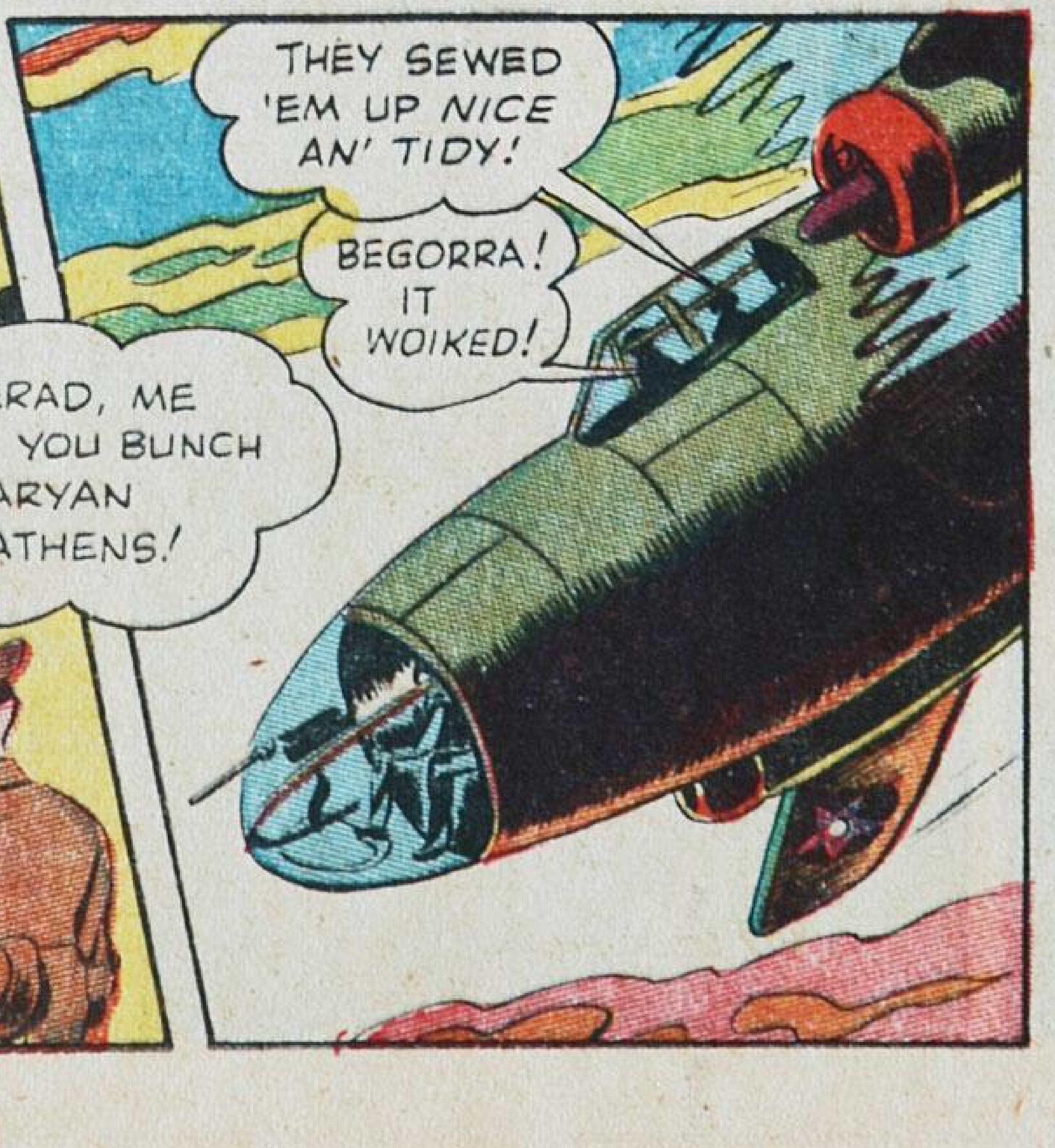

THERE THEY ARE!
OKAY, MUG! RELEASE THOSE *EXPLODING TOMATOES!*
THE BOMBER SWOOPS LOW OVER A GUN EMPLACEMENT, RELEASES A BOMB, AND...
SURE! FRESH FROM THE JERSEY VINEYARDS!
AS MELICAN JITTERBUGS SAY, "CUT A LUG, BOYS!... CHOP-CHOP!
IT'S NO USE! WE'LL NEVER DRIVE THEM OUT! THERE ARE TOO MANY OF THEM!
YEAH! THIS IS A JOB FOR *TWENTY BOMBERS!* WAIT TILL THE *UNION* HEARS OF THIS!
MAYBE I HAVE SOLUTION!
SOLUTION? WHAT'S THAT?
LIQUID LOTTEN EGGS! SMELLS WORSE THAN SKUNK! I'LL HAVE TO PUT IT IN GAS TANK!
WELL, WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR?
WHEW! SMELLS MISERABLE!
MINUTES LATER, A THICK PALL OF SMOKE BELCHES FROM THE PLANE'S EXHAUST!
GAS!
ACH! NO! IT STINKS TOO MUCH FOR GAS!
4

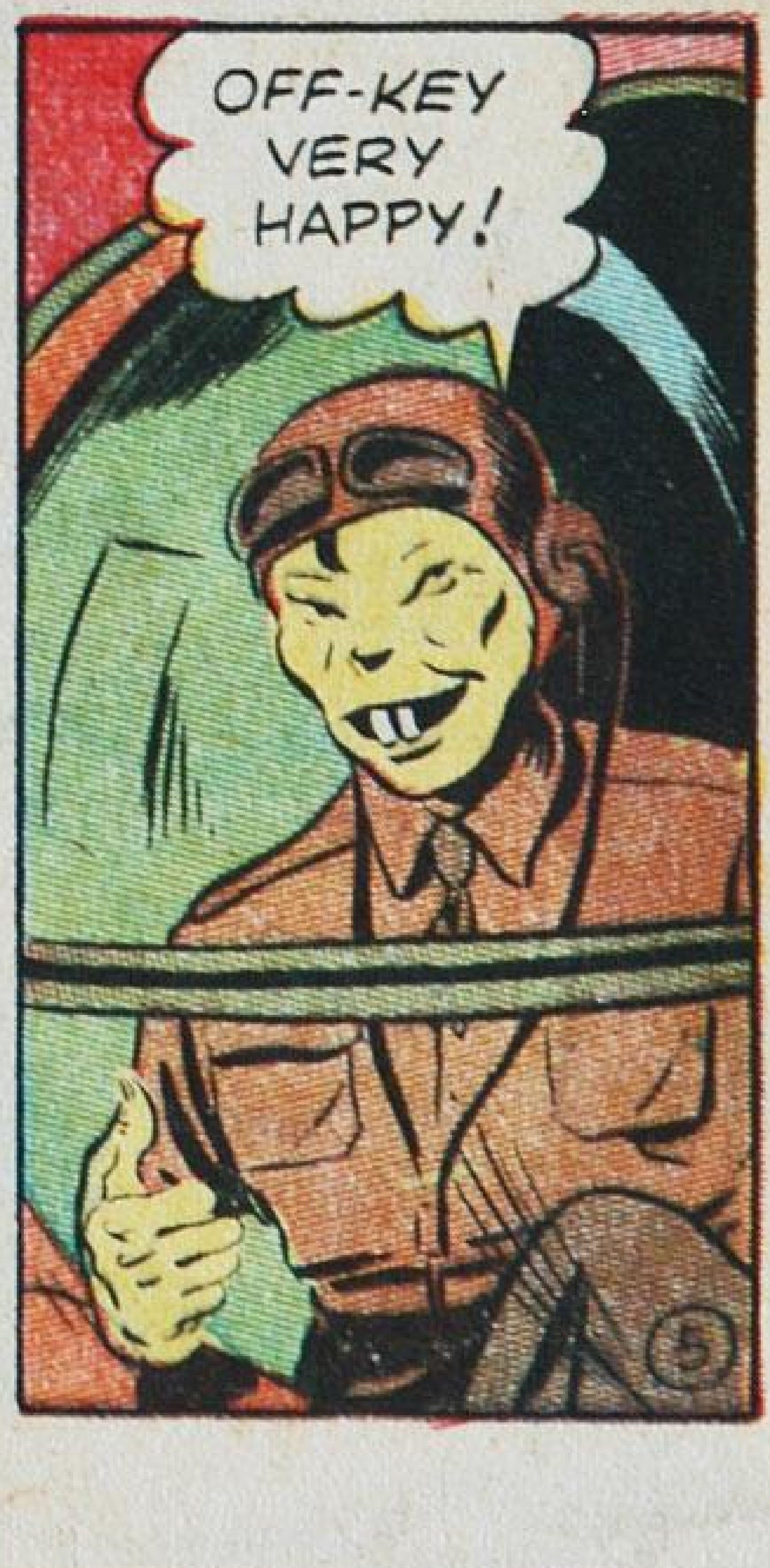

IF NOT DEADLY, THE EFFECT OF THE ODOR IS NAUSEATING -- TO THE NAZIS!...
PHEW! SMELLS LIKE SCHICKELGRUBER'S LIMBURGER CHEESE -- ONLY *WORSE*!
HOW CAN WE FIGHT IN SUCH A TERRIFIC STENCH?

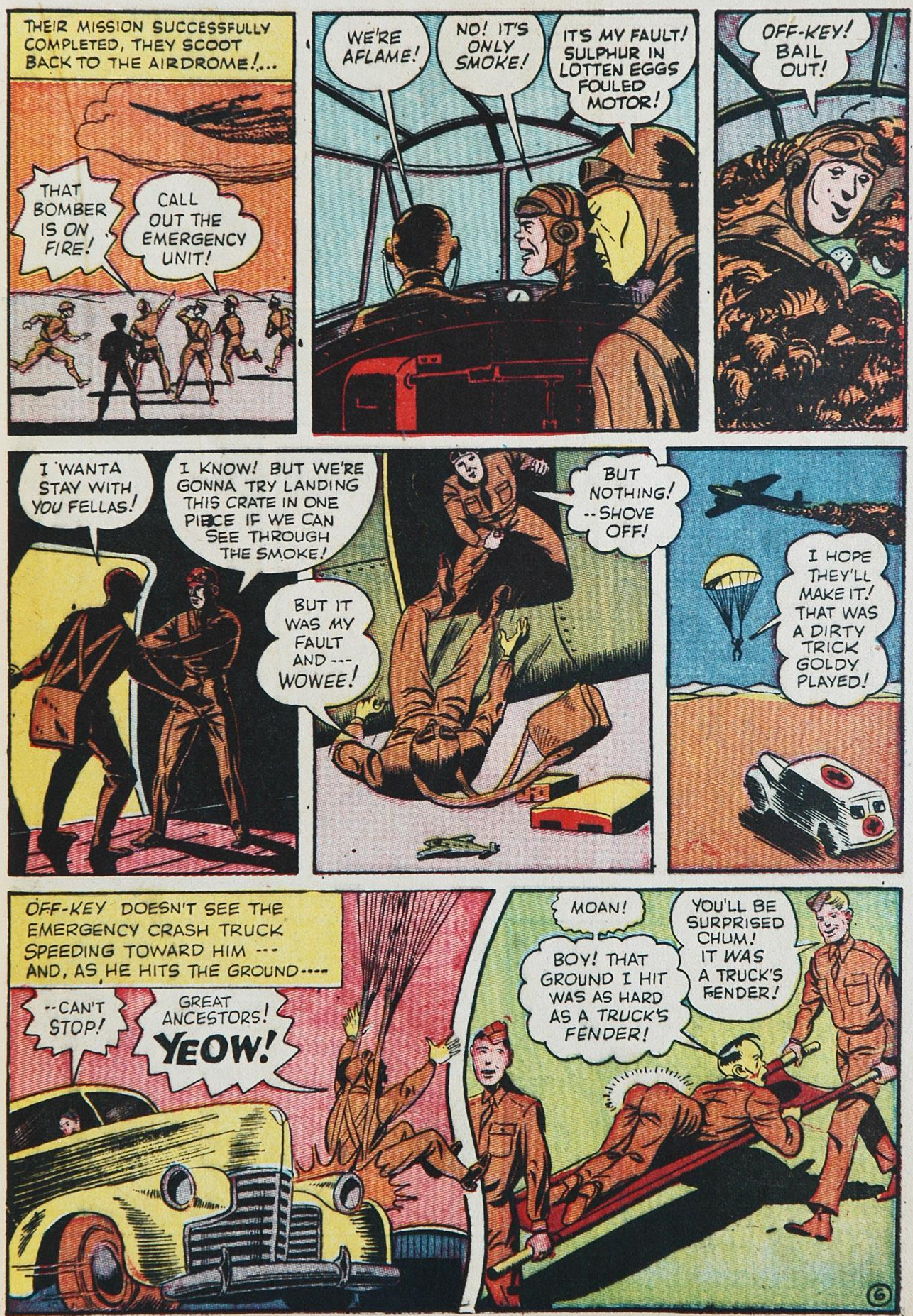

LOOKS LIKE THE SKUNKS CAN'T STAND IT!
THEY'RE ON THE LAM, ALL RIGHT!
LOOK! THERE GO OUR BOYS!
PUT ON YOUR MASKS!

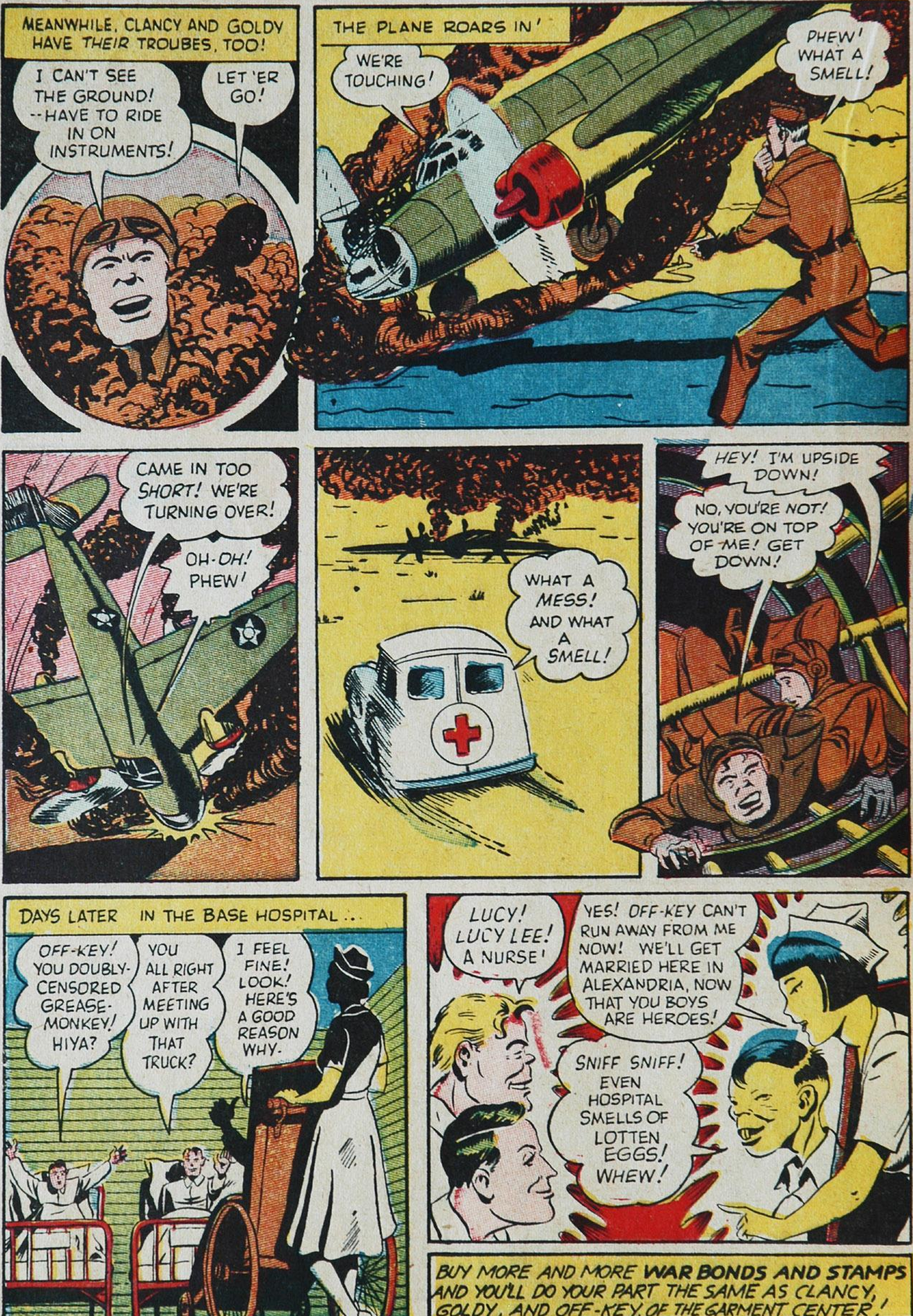

WHILE DOWN BELOW, THE ALLIED COLUMNS TAKE THE OFFENSIVE!
WHEW! THAT ODOR EVEN PENETRATES THESE MASKS!
RATHER *EXCITING*, WHAT?
THEY'RE RUNNING SO FAST WE CAN'T KEEP UP WITH THEM!
BLIMEY! SOME FUN, EH, CHAPPY?
FORWARD, MEN!
CARRY ON, OLD BEAN!


KAMERAD! KAMERAD!
KAMERAD, ME FOOT! YOU BUNCH OF ARYAN HEATHENS!

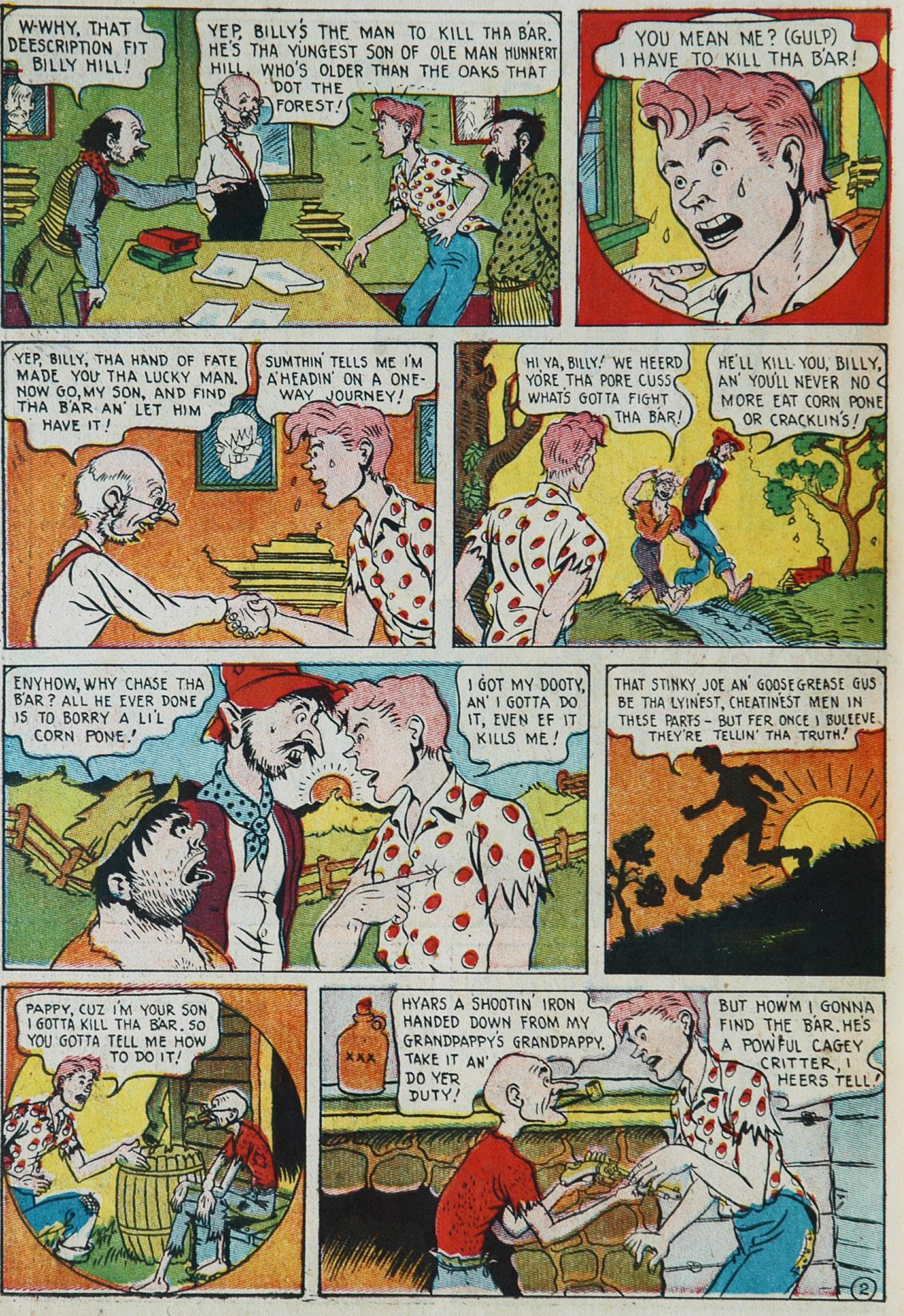

THEY SEWED 'EM UP *NICE AN' TIDY!*
BEGORRA! IT WOIKED!

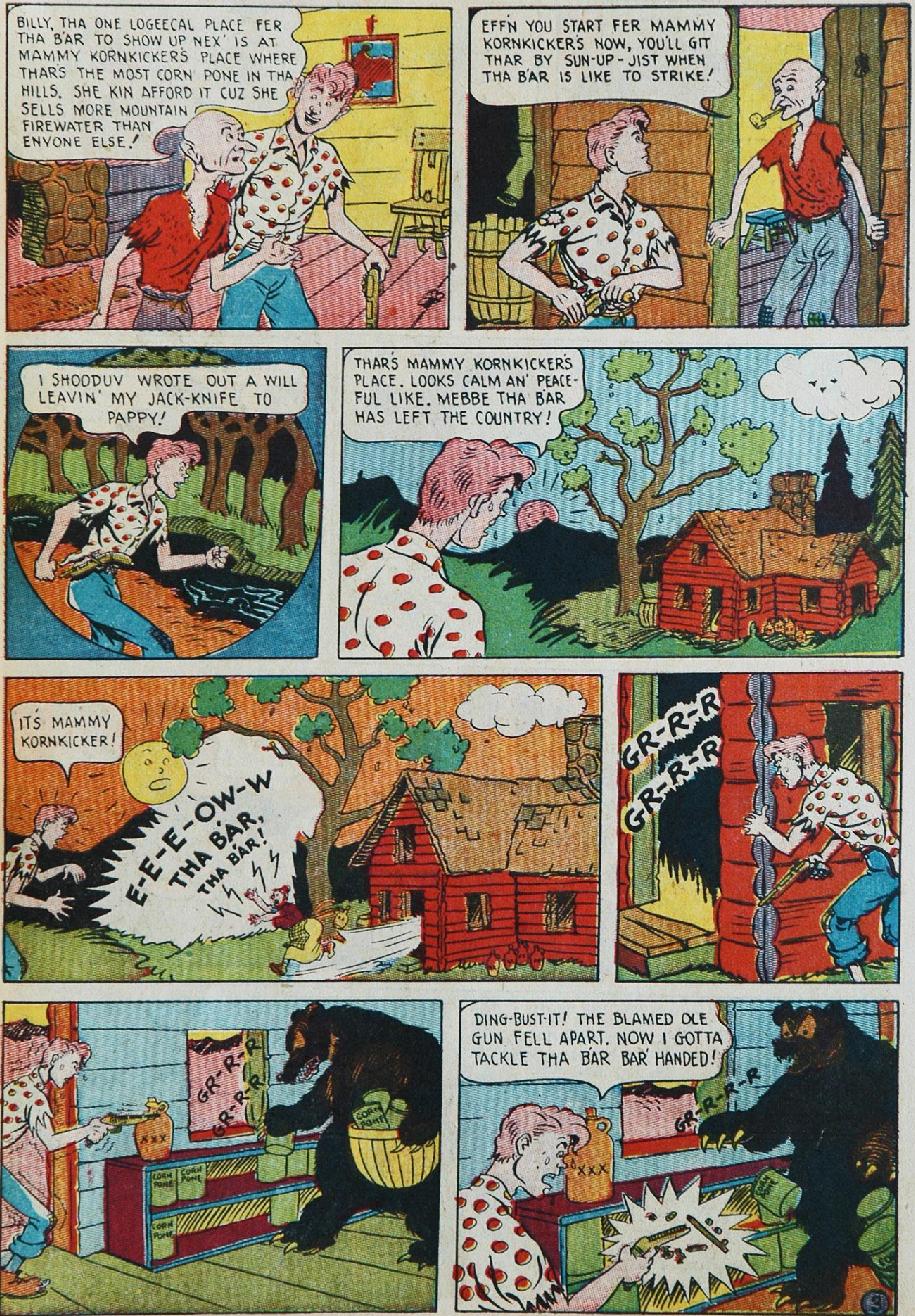

OFF-KEY VERY HAPPY!

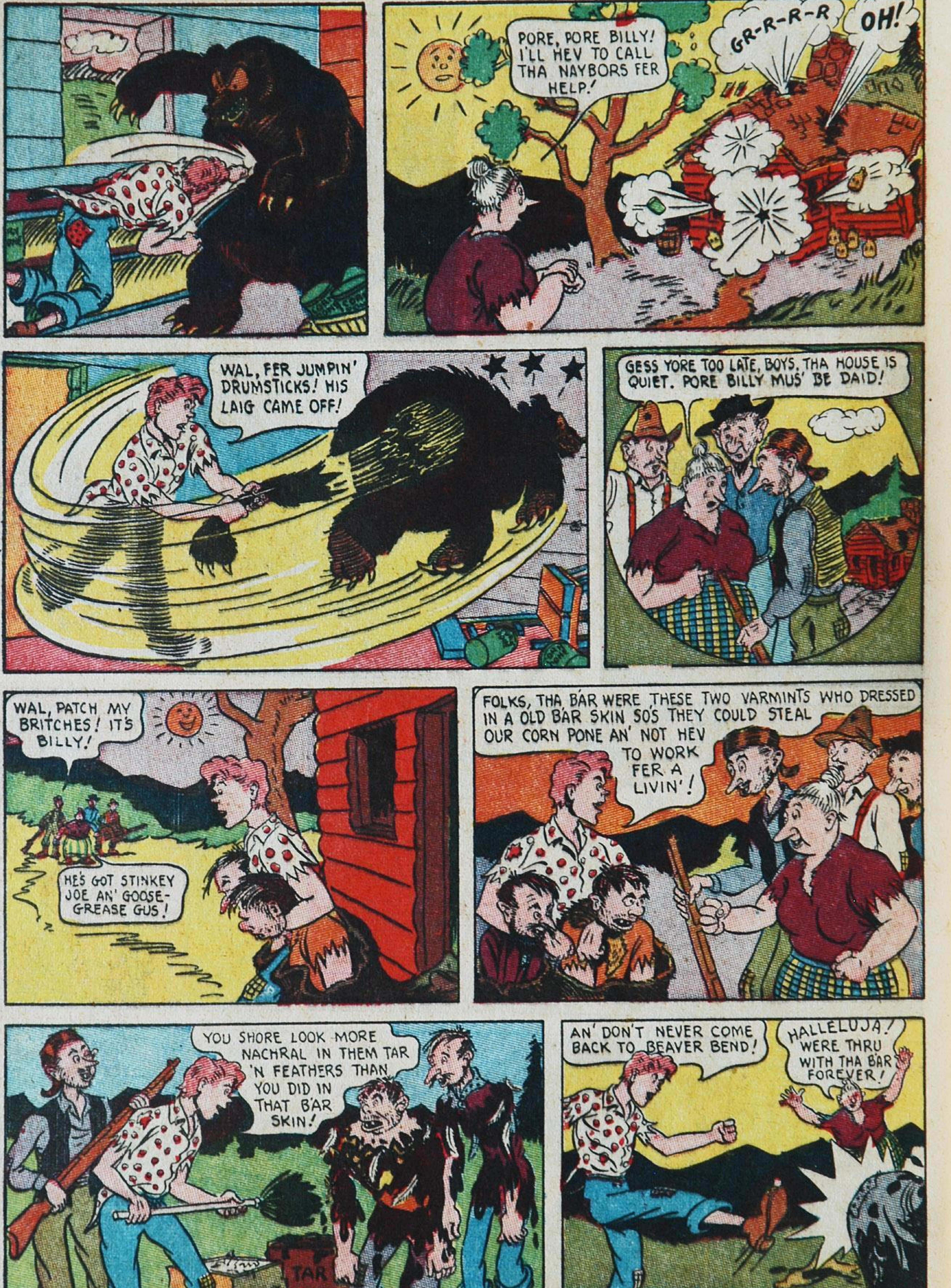

THEIR MISSION SUCCESSFULLY COMPLETED, THEY SCOOT BACK TO THE AIRDROME!...
THAT BOMBER IS ON FIRE!
CALL OUT THE EMERGENCY UNIT!
WE'RE AFLAME!
NO! IT'S ONLY SMOKE!
IT'S MY FAULT! SULPHUR IN LOTTEN EGGS FOULED MOTOR!
OFF-KEY! BAIL OUT!
I WANTA STAY WITH YOU FELLAS!
I KNOW! BUT WE'RE GONNA TRY LANDING THIS CRATE IN ONE PIECE IF WE CAN SEE THROUGH THE SMOKE!
BUT NOTHING! --SHOVE OFF!
BUT IT WAS MY FAULT AND --- WOWEE!
I HOPE THEY'LL MAKE IT! THAT WAS A DIRTY TRICK GOLDY PLAYED!
OFF-KEY DOESN'T SEE THE EMERGENCY CRASH TRUCK SPEEDING TOWARD HIM --- AND, AS HE HITS THE GROUND----
--CAN'T STOP!
GREAT ANCESTORS! YEOW!
MOAN!
BOY! THAT GROUND I HIT WAS AS HARD AS A TRUCK'S FENDER!
YOU'LL BE SURPRISED CHUM! IT WAS A TRUCK'S FENDER!


MEANWHILE, CLANCY AND GOLDY HAVE *THEIR* TROUBES, TOO!
I CAN'T SEE THE GROUND! --HAVE TO RIDE IN ON INSTRUMENTS!
LET 'ER GO!
THE PLANE ROARS IN!
WE'RE TOUCHING!
PHEW! WHAT A SMELL!
CAME IN TOO *SHORT!* WE'RE TURNING OVER!
OH-OH! PHEW!
WHAT A *MESS!* AND WHAT A SMELL!
HEY! I'M UPSIDE DOWN!
NO, YOU'RE *NOT!* YOU'RE ON TOP OF ME! GET DOWN!
DAYS LATER IN THE BASE HOSPITAL...
OFF-KEY! YOU DOUBLY-CENSORED GREASE-MONKEY! HIYA?
YOU ALL RIGHT AFTER MEETING UP WITH THAT TRUCK?
I FEEL FINE! LOOK! HERE'S A GOOD REASON WHY.
LUCY! LUCY LEE! A NURSE!
YES! OFF-KEY CAN'T RUN AWAY FROM ME NOW! WE'LL GET MARRIED HERE IN ALEXANDRIA, NOW THAT YOU BOYS ARE HEROES!
SNIFF SNIFF! EVEN HOSPITAL SMELLS OF LOTTEN EGGS! WHEW!
BUY MORE AND MORE **WAR BONDS AND STAMPS** *AND YOU'LL DO YOUR PART THE SAME AS CLANCY, GOLDY, AND OFF-KEY, OF THE GARMENT CENTER!*

BILLY HILL
GR-R-R R-R!
THA B'AR!
ACCORDING TO THA LEGEND AROUN' BEAVER BEND, "THA B'AR", BEFORE HIBERNATING FOR THA WINTER, RAIDS MOUNTAIN CABINS FOR DEELISHUS CORN PONE. ONE SNARL FROM THA TREEMENDUS CRITTER AND EVERYBUDDY WITHI'N TWO MILE RUNS LIKE THA DICKENS. BUT BILLY HILL HAD TO MAKE A STAND. WAS IT HIS LAST STAND?
WELL, BREAK MY NECK! THA B'AR!
ITSA PROBLUM FER THA CITY CO'NCIL!
OL' GOON HAID, YO'RE THA WISEST MAN IN BEAVER BEND. YOU TELL US HOW TO GIT THA B'AR!
THA LEGEND SAYS ONLY ONE CAN COPE WITH THA B'AR. HE BE THE YOUNGEST SON OF THE OLDEST MAN IN THA HILLS!


W-WHY, THAT DEESCRIPTION FIT BILLY HILL!
YEP, BILLY'S THE MAN TO KILL THA B'AR. HE'S THA YUNGEST SON OF OLE MAN HUNNERT HILL, WHO'S OLDER THAN THE OAKS THAT DOT THE FOREST!
YOU MEAN ME? (GULP) I HAVE TO KILL THA B'AR!
YEP, BILLY, THA HAND OF FATE MADE YOU THA LUCKY MAN. NOW GO, MY SON, AND FIND THA B'AR AN' LET HIM HAVE IT!
SUMTHIN' TELLS ME I'M A'HEADIN' ON A ONE-WAY JOURNEY!
HI YA, BILLY! WE HEERD YORE THA PORE CUSS WHAT'S GOTTA FIGHT THA B'AR!
HE'LL KILL YOU, BILLY, AN' YOU'LL NEVER NO MORE EAT CORN PONE OR CRACKLIN'S!
ENYHOW, WHY CHASE THA B'AR? ALL HE EVER DONE IS TO BORRY A LI'L CORN PONE!
I GOT MY DOOTY, AN' I GOTTA DO IT, EVEN EF IT KILLS ME!
THAT STINKY JOE AN' GOOSEGREASE GUS BE THA LYINEST, CHEATINEST MEN IN THESE PARTS - BUT FER ONCE I BULEEVE THEY'RE TELLIN' THA TRUTH!
PAPPY, CUZ I'M YOUR SON I GOTTA KILL THA B'AR. SO YOU GOTTA TELL ME HOW TO DO IT!
XXX
HYARS A SHOOTIN' IRON HANDED DOWN FROM MY GRANDPAPPY'S GRANDPAPPY. TAKE IT AN' DO YER DUTY!
BUT HOW'M I GONNA FIND THE B'AR. HE'S A POWFUL CAGEY CRITTER, I HEERS TELL!


BILLY, THA ONE LOGEECAL PLACE FER THA B'AR TO SHOW UP NEX' IS AT MAMMY KORNKICKER'S PLACE WHERE THAR'S THE MOST CORN PONE IN THA HILLS. SHE KIN AFFORD IT CUZ SHE SELLS MORE MOUNTAIN FIREWATER THAN ENYONE ELSE!
EFF'N YOU START FER MAMMY KORNKICKER'S NOW, YOU'LL GIT THAR BY SUN-UP - JIST WHEN THA B'AR IS LIKE TO STRIKE!
I SHOODUV WROTE OUT A WILL LEAVIN' MY JACK-KNIFE TO PAPPY!
THAR'S MAMMY KORNKICKER'S PLACE. LOOKS CALM AN' PEACEFUL LIKE. MEBBE THA B'AR HAS LEFT THE COUNTRY!
IT'S MAMMY KORNKICKER!
E-E-E-OW-W THA B'AR, THA B'AR!
GR-R-R GR-R-R
GR-R-R GR-R-R
CORN PONE
XXX
DING-BUST-IT! THE BLAMED OLE GUN FELL APART. NOW I GOTTA TACKLE THA B'AR BAR' HANDED!
GR-R-R-R
XXX
CORN PONE


PORE, PORE BILLY! I'LL HEV TO CALL THA NAYBORS FER HELP!
GR-R-R-R
OH!
WAL, FER JUMPIN' DRUMSTICKS! HIS LAIG CAME OFF!
GESS YORE TOO LATE, BOYS. THA HOUSE IS QUIET. PORE BILLY MUS' BE DAID!
WAL, PATCH MY BRITCHES! IT'S BILLY!
HE'S GOT STINKEY JOE AN' GOOSE-GREASE GUS!
FOLKS, THA BÁR WERE THESE TWO VARMINTS WHO DRESSED IN A OLD BÁR SKIN SO'S THEY COULD STEAL OUR CORN PONE AN' NOT HEV TO WORK FER A LIVIN'!
YOU SHORE LOOK MORE NACHRAL IN THEM TAR 'N FEATHERS THAN YOU DID IN THAT BÁR SKIN!
TAR
FEATHERS
AN' DON'T NEVER COME BACK TO BEAVER BEND!
HALLELUJA! WERE THRU WITH THA BÁR FOREVER!

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF THIS HERO OF THE HILLS IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF "KID COMICS"

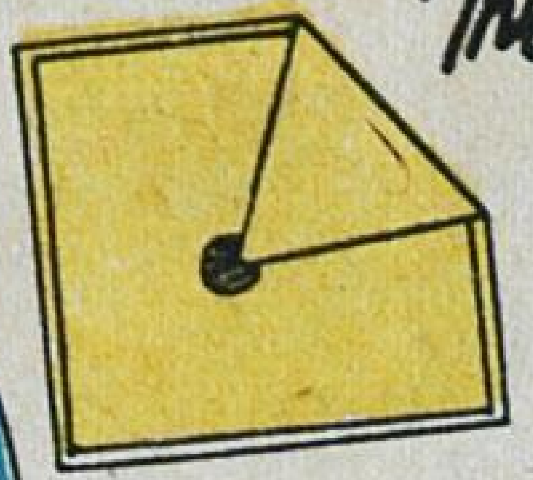
MAKE-BELIEVE MAGIC

The NUMBER THOUGHT OF

ASK ONE OF YOUR AUDIENCE TO THINK OF A NUMBER AND YOU WILL TELL THEM WHAT IT IS.— FIRST, ASK THEM TO SUBTRACT 1 FROM IT AND MULTIPLY THE REMAINDER BY 2, THEN ADD THE NUMBER FIRST THOUGHT OF TO THE BALANCE— AND TELL YOU WHAT IT IS THEN IN YOUR MIND ADD 2 TO THIS AND DIVIDE IT ALSO BY 3 AND YOU WILL HAVE THE NUMBER ORIGINALLY THOUGHT OF

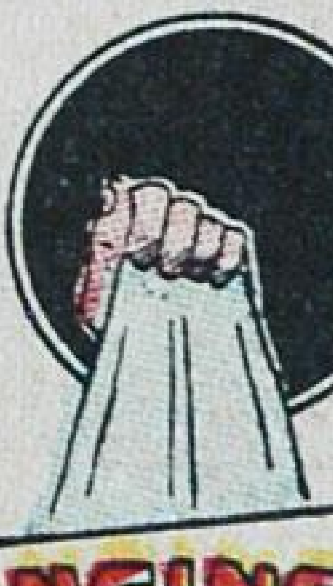
FOR EXAMPLE.— THE NUMBER THOUGHT OF IS 25, SUBTRACT 1 FROM THIS WHICH LEAVES 24. THEN MULTIPLY THIS BY 2 MAKING 48, NOW ADD 25 WHICH IS THE NUMBER FIRST THOUGHT OF TO 48 AND IT IS 73, ALSO ADD 2 TO THIS WHICH IS 75. NOW DIVIDE THIS BY 3 AND YOU WILL GET 25 WHICH IS THE NUMBER THOUGHT OF.

The DISAPPEARING COIN

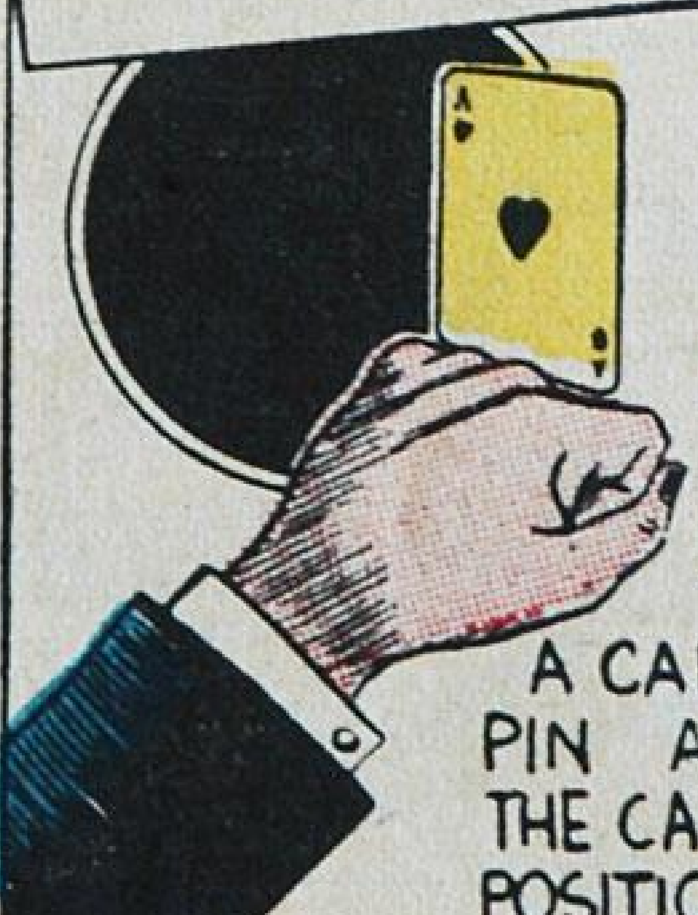


PLACE A COIN IN THE CENTER OF A HANDKERCHIEF AND FOLD ALL FOUR ENDS IN ON IT AND ROLL UP. THEN TAKE IT BY ONE END AND SHAKE IT— AND PRESTO, THE COIN HAS DISAPPEARED.

BEFORE YOU DO THIS TRICK ATTACH A SMALL PIECE OF WAX TO ONE CORNER OF THE HANDKERCHIEF. AND WHEN THIS END IS FOLDED OVER ON THE COIN IT WILL HOLD UNTIL YOU GRAB IT WHEN THE HANDKERCHIEF IS SHOOK OUT. JUST A LITTLE PRACTICE IS ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO PERFORM THIS TRICK.

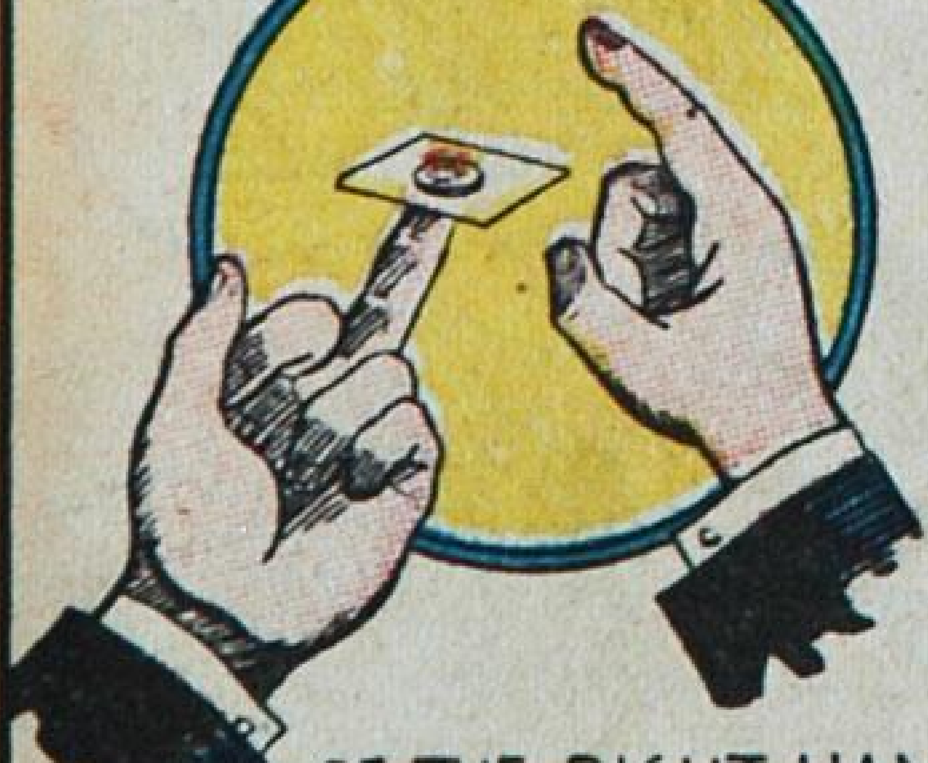


BALANCING A CARD



THIS IS A SWELL TRICK AND CAN BE DONE BY SECRETLY PLACING A SMALL PIN BETWEEN YOUR THIRD AND FOURTH FINGERS. THEN GENTLY AND LIGHTLY REST A CARD AGAINST THE PROJECTING PIN AND TO EVERYONE'S SURPRISE THE CARD WILL REMAIN IN AN UPRIGHT POSITION.

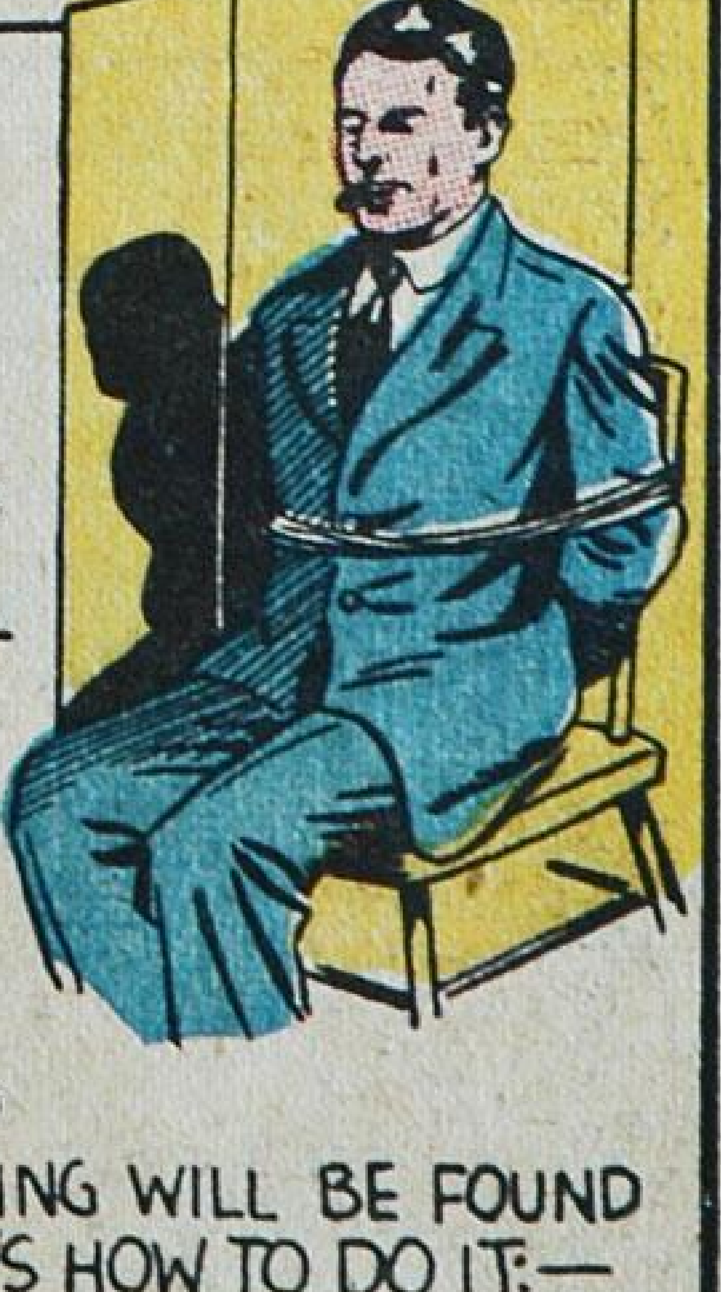
The POISED PENNY



ON THE MIDDLE FINGER OF LEFT HAND PLACE A CARD, ON THIS EXACTLY OVER YOUR FINGER POINT PLACE A PENNY. WITH THE MIDDLE FINGER OF THE RIGHT HAND QUICKLY FLIP THE CARD FROM UNDER AND THE PENNY WILL REMAIN RESTING ON THE FINGER POINT

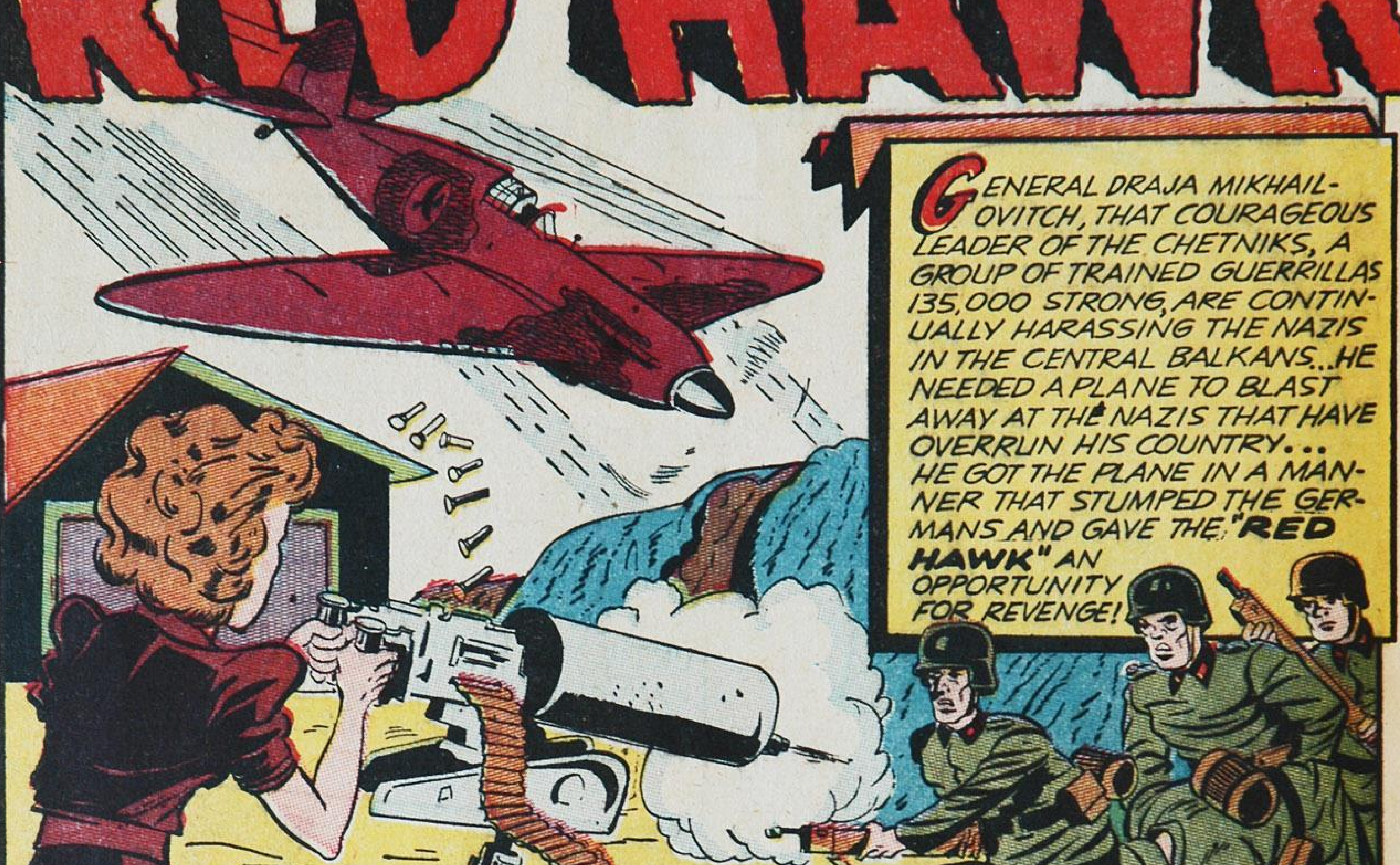
Ed Hamilton

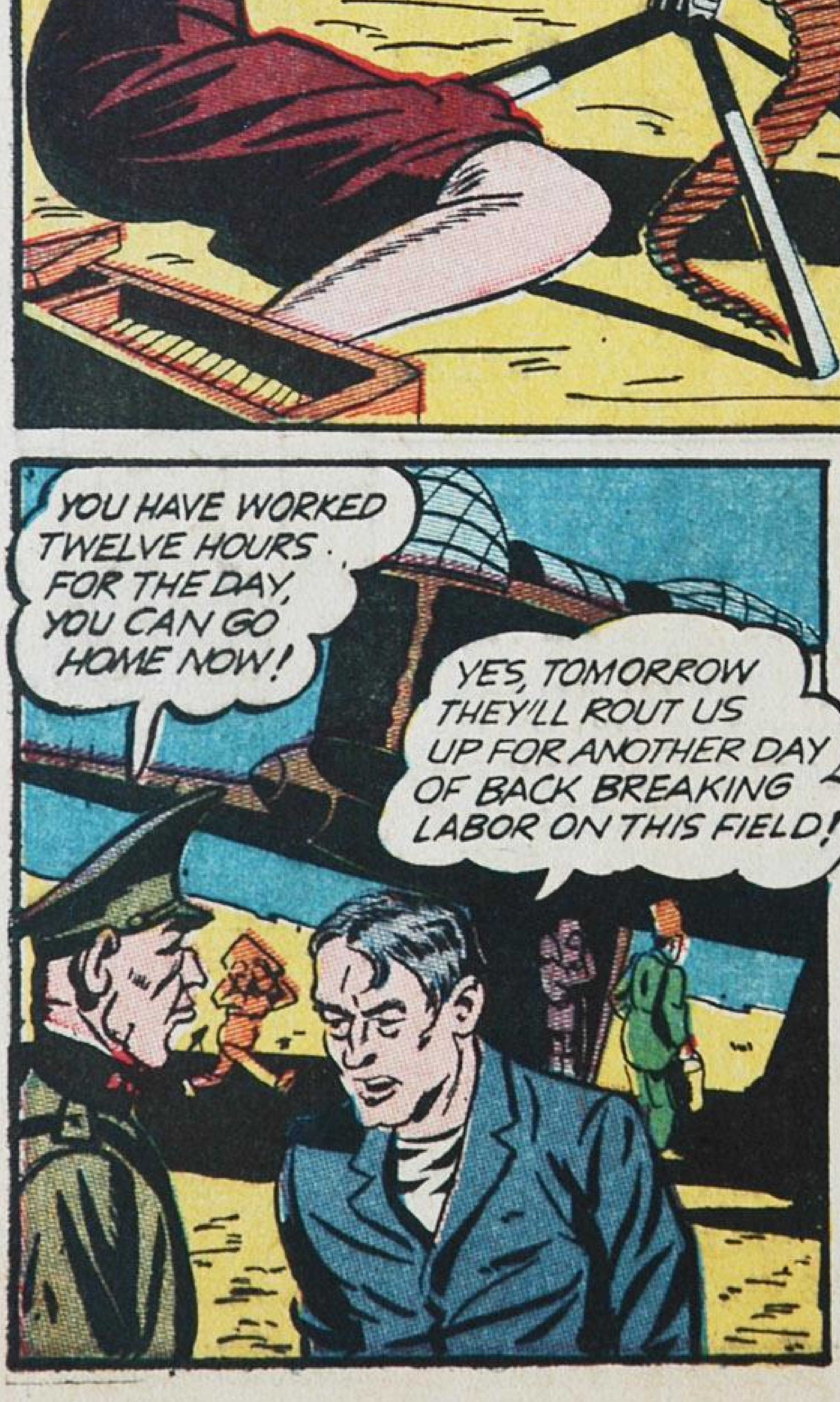
The TRAVELING RING

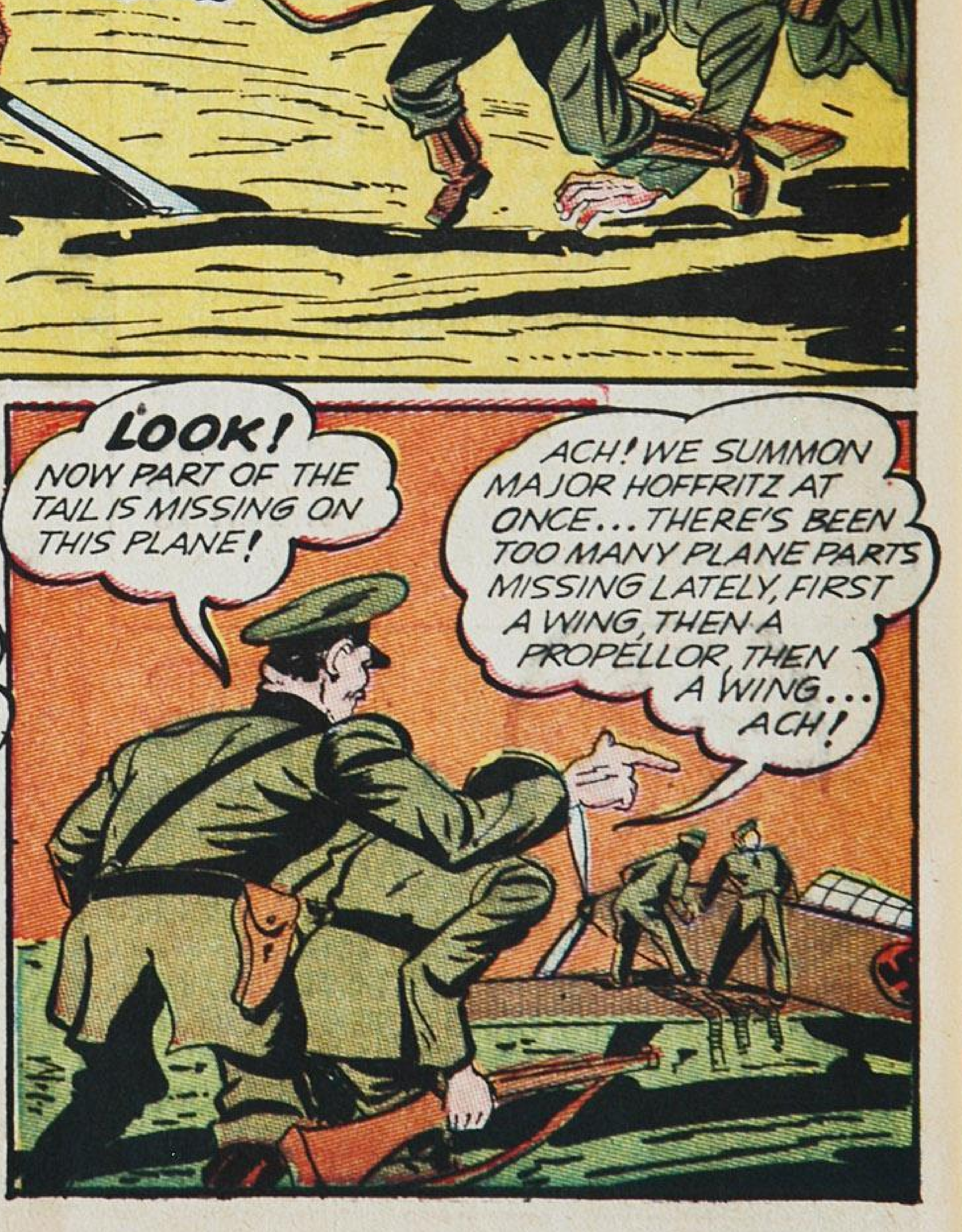


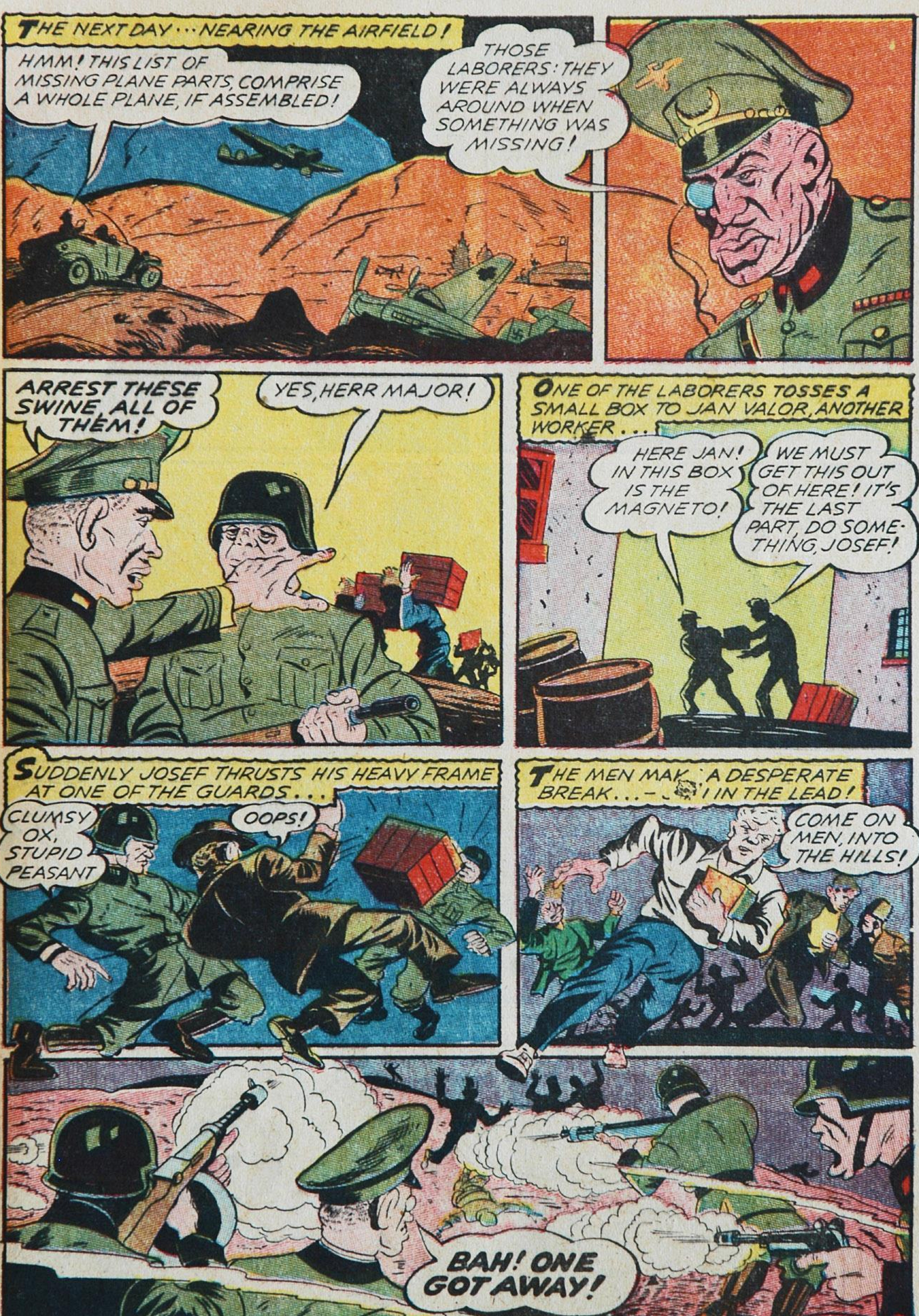
HAVE SOMEONE TIE YOUR WRISTS BEHIND YOUR BACK AND ALSO TIE YOU TO THE CHAIR. THE SAME TIME PLACING A RING BETWEEN YOUR TEETH.—NOW ASK THE AUDIENCE WHAT FINGER THEY WOULD LIKE THE RING TO APPEAR ON. A SCREEN IS PLACED IN FRONT OF YOU AND WHEN IT IS REMOVED THE RING WILL BE FOUND ON THE FINGER NAMED. HERE'S HOW TO DO IT:— FIRST, DROP THE RING INTO THE LAP AND FROM THERE TO THE CHAIR THEN LIFT BODY SLIGHTLY AND EDGE THE RING BACK UNTIL HANDS CAN REACH IT AND QUICKLY PUT IT ON FINGER NAMED.

RED HAWK

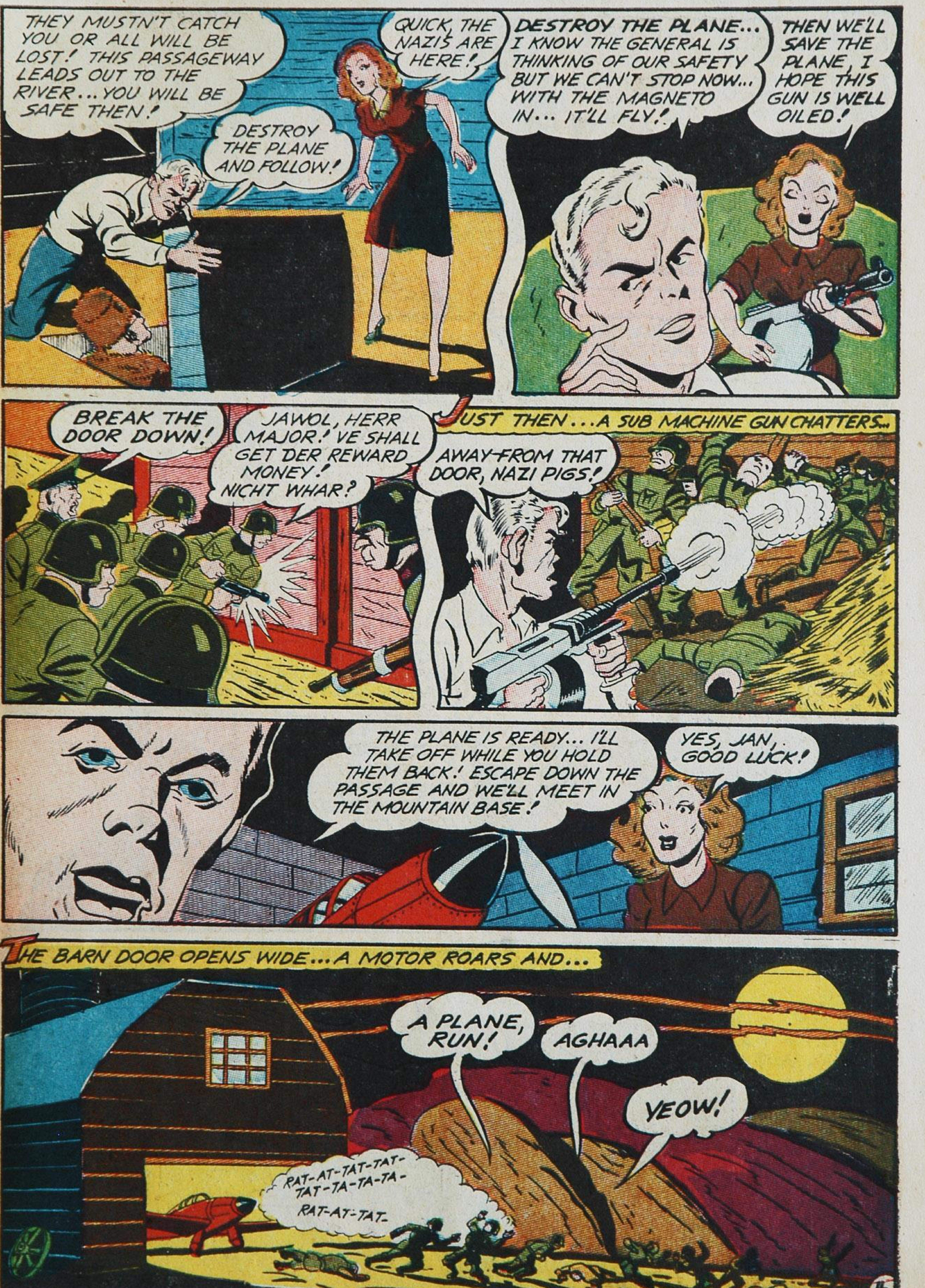

GENERAL DRAJA MIKHAILOVITCH, THAT COURAGEOUS LEADER OF THE CHETNIKS, A GROUP OF TRAINED GUERRILLAS 135,000 STRONG, ARE CONTINUALLY HARASSING THE NAZIS IN THE CENTRAL BALKANS...HE NEEDED A PLANE TO BLAST AWAY AT THE NAZIS THAT HAVE OVERRUN HIS COUNTRY... HE GOT THE PLANE IN A MANNER THAT STUMPED THE GERMANS AND GAVE THE "RED HAWK" AN OPPORTUNITY FOR REVENGE!

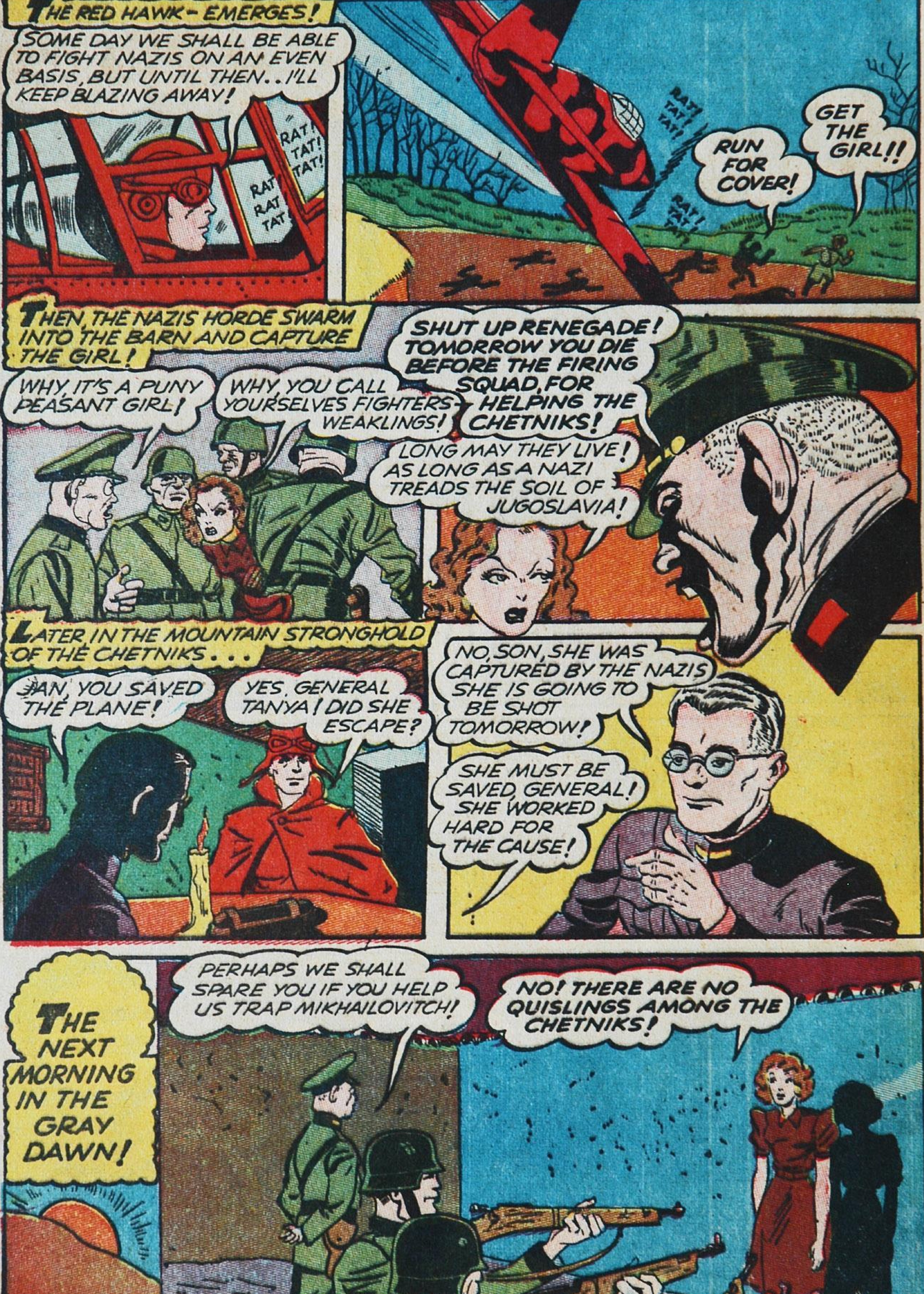

YOU HAVE WORKED TWELVE HOURS FOR THE DAY, YOU CAN GO HOME NOW!
YES, TOMORROW THEY'LL ROUT US UP FOR ANOTHER DAY OF BACK BREAKING LABOR ON THIS FIELD!

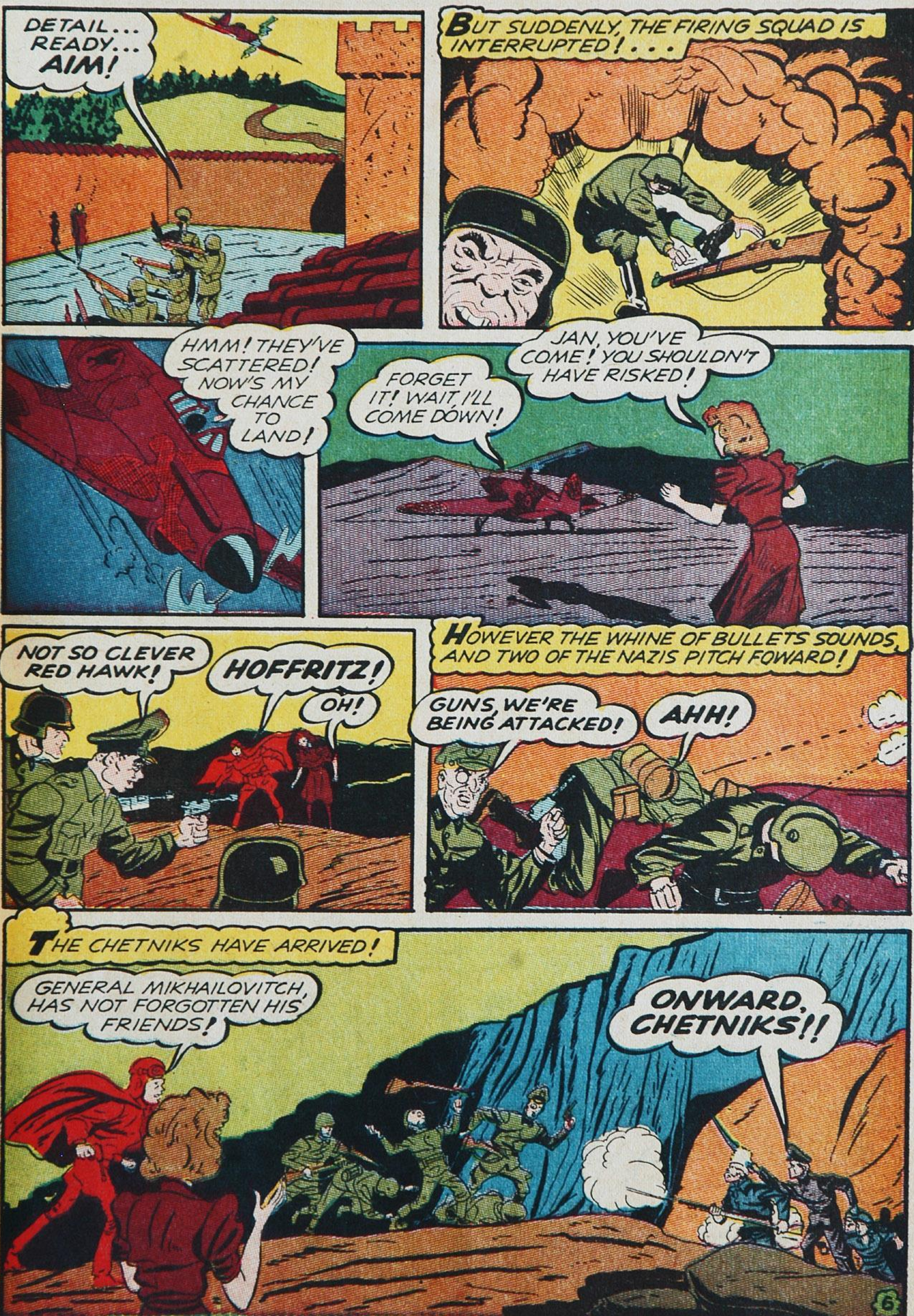

LOOK! NOW PART OF THE TAIL IS MISSING ON THIS PLANE!
ACH! WE SUMMON MAJOR HOFFRITZ AT ONCE...THERE'S BEEN TOO MANY PLANE PARTS MISSING LATELY, FIRST A WING, THEN A PROPELLOR, THEN A WING... ACH!

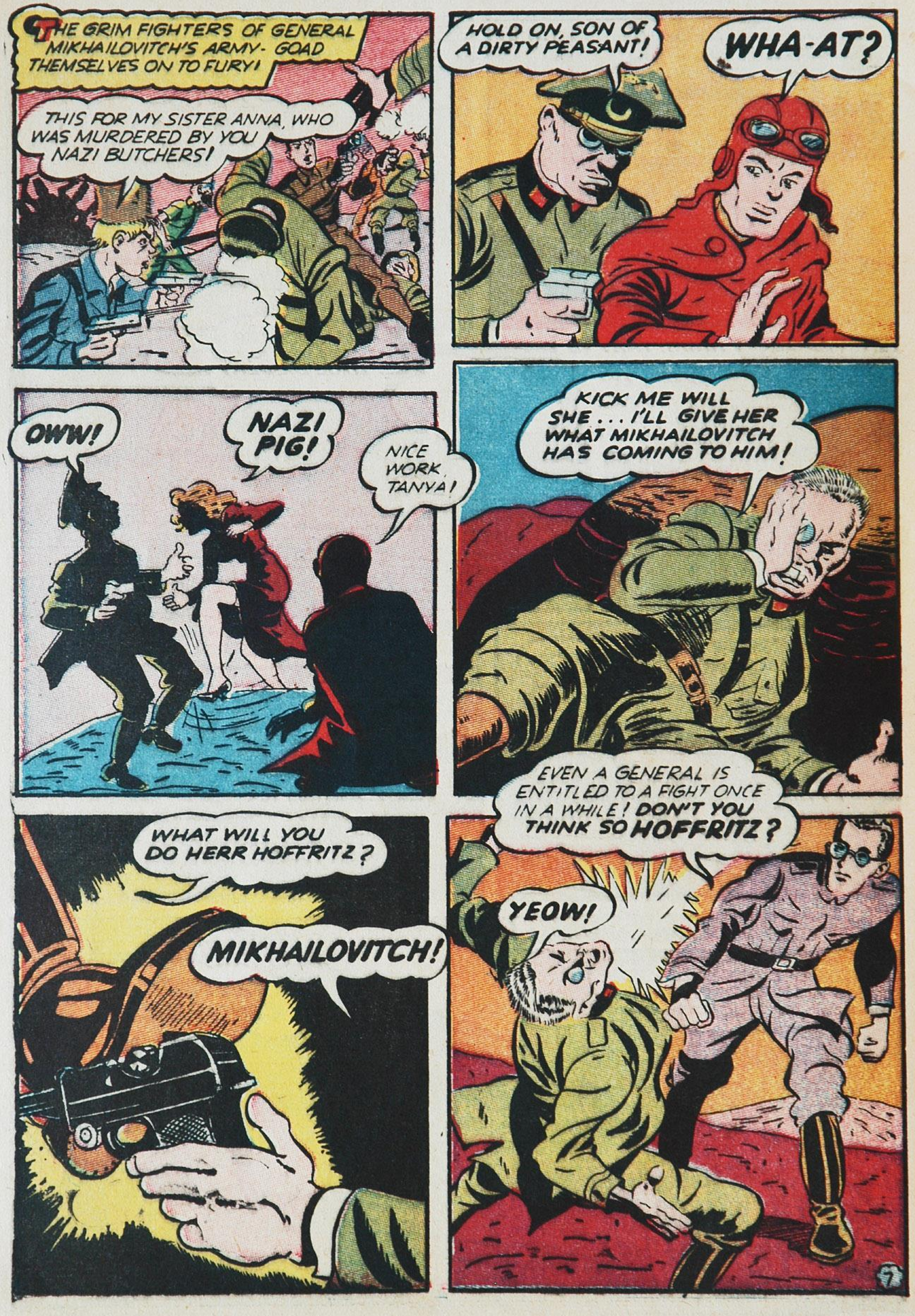

THE NEXT DAY... NEARING THE AIRFIELD!
HMM! THIS LIST OF MISSING PLANE PARTS, COMPRISE A WHOLE PLANE, IF ASSEMBLED!
THOSE LABORERS: THEY WERE ALWAYS AROUND WHEN SOMETHING WAS MISSING!
ARREST THESE SWINE, ALL OF THEM!
YES, HERR MAJOR!
ONE OF THE LABORERS TOSSES A SMALL BOX TO JAN VALOR, ANOTHER WORKER...
HERE JAN! IN THIS BOX IS THE MAGNETO!
WE MUST GET THIS OUT OF HERE! IT'S THE LAST PART, DO SOMETHING, JOSEF!
SUDDENLY JOSEF THRUSTS HIS HEAVY FRAME AT ONE OF THE GUARDS...
CLUMSY OX, STUPID PEASANT
OOPS!
THE MEN MAK[illegible] A DESPERATE BREAK...–J[illegible]N IN THE LEAD!
COME ON MEN, INTO THE HILLS!
BAH! ONE GOT AWAY!

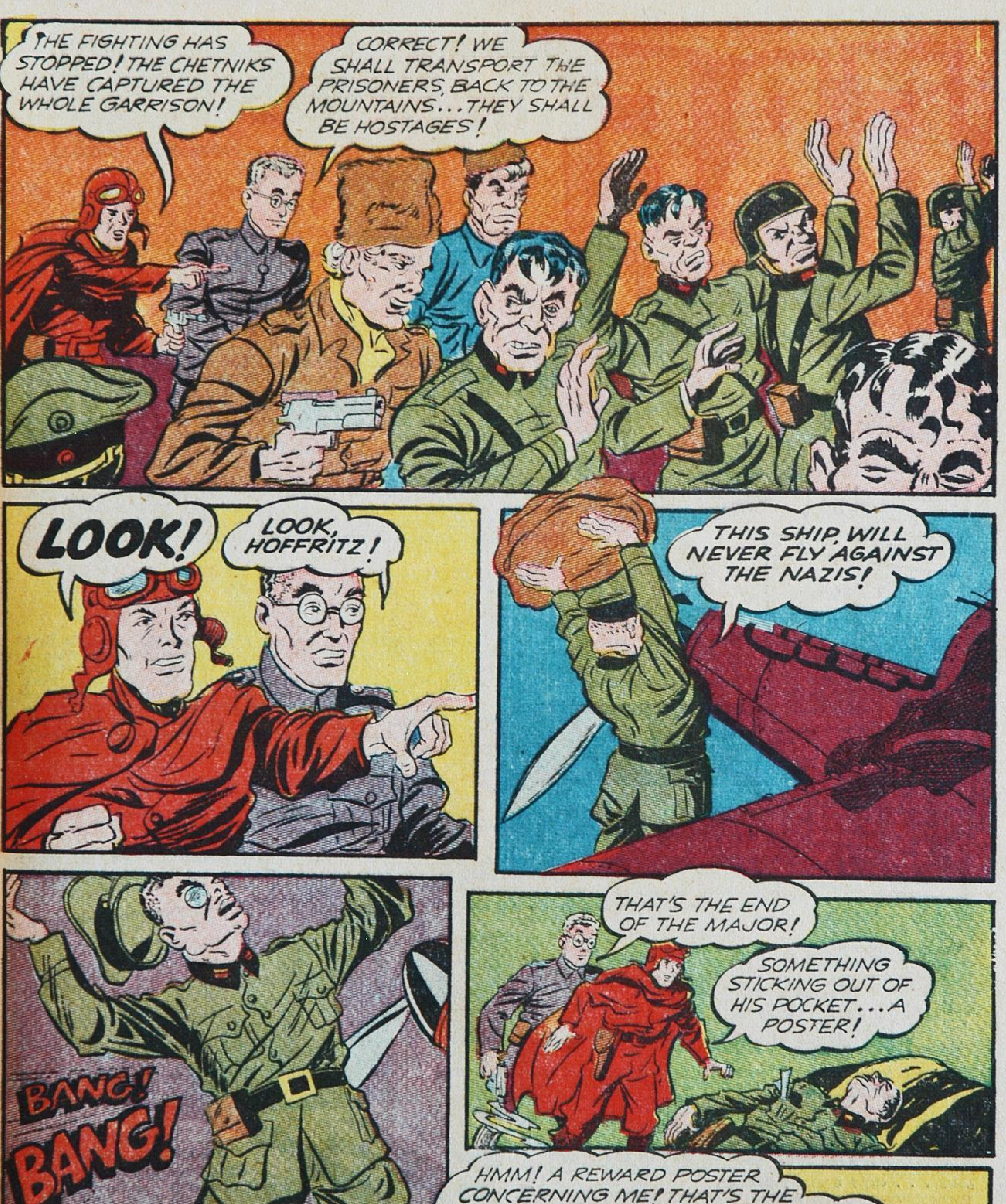
LATER MAJOR HOFFRITZ STUDIES A POSTER
YOU'RE WORTH A FORTUNE TO ME AND SOME DAY I AM GOING TO GET YOU!
REWARD!
GEN. D. MIKHAILOVITCH LEADER OF THE CHETNIKS BANDITS 500,000. MARKS
MEANWHILE JAN VALOR REACHES THE BARN
I'VE GOT IT TANKA... SOON I SHALL FLY!
WE HAVE A VISITOR, JAN!
GENERAL MIKHAILOVITCH YOU HONOR ME!
I COME TO SEE HOW YOUR PLANE IS DEVELOPING! WHERE IS IT!
HERE IT IS UNDER THE HAY-- BUT YOU MUST GO, SIR! THE NAZIS ARE ON MY TRAIL!
YOU ARE RIGHT! I SHALL GO NOW! WHEN THE PLANE IS COMPLETED COME WITH IT TO THE SECRET MOUNTAIN HIDEOUT OF THE CHETNIKS!
I WILL SIR!
OUTSIDE... THE NAZIS!
IT'S HIM! GENERAL MIKHAILOVITCH, GET HIM! THE REWARD WE SHALL SHARE IT!
QUICK! OPEN THE TRAPDOOR, TANAYA! THE NAZIS ARE HERE!
THE NAZIS, THEY SAW ME!
GENERAL! HERE, QUICK!
3


THEY MUSTN'T CATCH YOU OR ALL WILL BE LOST! THIS PASSAGEWAY LEADS OUT TO THE RIVER... YOU WILL BE SAFE THEN!
QUICK, THE NAZIS ARE HERE!
DESTROY THE PLANE AND FOLLOW!
DESTROY THE PLANE... I KNOW THE GENERAL IS THINKING OF OUR SAFETY BUT WE CAN'T STOP NOW... WITH THE MAGNETO IN... IT'LL FLY!
THEN WE'LL SAVE THE PLANE, I HOPE THIS GUN IS WELL OILED!
BREAK THE DOOR DOWN!
JAWOL, HERR MAJOR! VE SHALL GET DER REWARD MONEY! NICHT WHAR?
JUST THEN... A SUB MACHINE GUN CHATTERS...
AWAY FROM THAT DOOR, NAZI PIGS!
THE PLANE IS READY... I'LL TAKE OFF WHILE YOU HOLD THEM BACK! ESCAPE DOWN THE PASSAGE AND WE'LL MEET IN THE MOUNTAIN BASE!
YES, JAN, GOOD LUCK!
THE BARN DOOR OPENS WIDE... A MOTOR ROARS AND...
A PLANE, RUN!
AGHAAA
YEOW!
RAT-AT-TAT-TAT-TAT-TA-TA-TA-TAT-TA-TA-TA-RAT-AT-TAT-
4


THE RED HAWK - EMERGES!
SOME DAY WE SHALL BE ABLE TO FIGHT NAZIS ON AN EVEN BASIS, BUT UNTIL THEN.. I'LL KEEP BLAZING AWAY!
RAT! TAT! TAT!
RAT! RAT! TAT!
RAT! TAT! TAT!
RUN FOR COVER!
GET THE GIRL!!
RAT! TAT! TAT!
THEN, THE NAZIS HORDE SWARM INTO THE BARN AND CAPTURE THE GIRL!
WHY, IT'S A PUNY PEASANT GIRL!
WHY, YOU CALL YOURSELVES FIGHTERS- WEAKLINGS!
SHUT UP RENEGADE! TOMORROW YOU DIE BEFORE THE FIRING SQUAD, FOR HELPING THE CHETNIKS!
LONG MAY THEY LIVE! AS LONG AS A NAZI TREADS THE SOIL OF JUGOSLAVIA!
LATER IN THE MOUNTAIN STRONGHOLD OF THE CHETNIKS...
JAN, YOU SAVED THE PLANE!
YES. GENERAL TANYA! DID SHE ESCAPE?
NO, SON, SHE WAS CAPTURED BY THE NAZIS SHE IS GOING TO BE SHOT TOMORROW!
SHE MUST BE SAVED, GENERAL! SHE WORKED HARD FOR THE CAUSE!
THE NEXT MORNING IN THE GRAY DAWN!
PERHAPS WE SHALL SPARE YOU IF YOU HELP US TRAP MIKHAILOVITCH!
NO! THERE ARE NO QUISLINGS AMONG THE CHETNIKS!
5


DETAIL... READY... AIM!
BUT SUDDENLY, THE FIRING SQUAD IS INTERRUPTED! . . .
HMM! THEY'VE SCATTERED! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO LAND!
JAN, YOU'VE COME! YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE RISKED!
FORGET IT! WAIT, I'LL COME DOWN!
NOT SO CLEVER RED HAWK!
HOFFRITZ!
OH!
HOWEVER THE WHINE OF BULLETS SOUNDS, AND TWO OF THE NAZIS PITCH FOWARD!
GUNS, WE'RE BEING ATTACKED!
AHH!
THE CHETNIKS HAVE ARRIVED!
GENERAL MIKHAILOVITCH, HAS NOT FORGOTTEN HIS FRIENDS!
ONWARD, CHETNIKS!!
6


THE GRIM FIGHTERS OF GENERAL MIKHAILOVITCH'S ARMY- GOAD THEMSELVES ON TO FURY!
THIS FOR MY SISTER ANNA, WHO WAS MURDERED BY YOU NAZI BUTCHERS!
HOLD ON, SON OF A DIRTY PEASANT!
WHA-AT?
OWW!
NAZI PIG!
NICE WORK TANYA!
KICK ME WILL SHE . . . I'LL GIVE HER WHAT MIKHAILOVITCH HAS COMING TO HIM!
WHAT WILL YOU DO HERR HOFFRITZ?
MIKHAILOVITCH!
EVEN A GENERAL IS ENTITLED TO A FIGHT ONCE IN A WHILE! DON'T YOU THINK SO HOFFRITZ?
YEOW!
7


THE FIGHTING HAS STOPPED! THE CHETNIKS HAVE CAPTURED THE WHOLE GARRISON!
CORRECT! WE SHALL TRANSPORT THE PRISONERS, BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS... THEY SHALL BE HOSTAGES!
LOOK!
LOOK, HOFFRITZ!
THIS SHIP, WILL NEVER FLY AGAINST THE NAZIS!
BANG!
BANG!
THAT'S THE END OF THE MAJOR!
SOMETHING STICKING OUT OF HIS POCKET...A POSTER!
HMM! A REWARD POSTER CONCERNING ME! THAT'S THE TROUBLE WITH THESE NAZIS... OUR FORCES WILL SMASH THEM, EVENTUALLY!
THE ALLIES ARE GRATEFUL TO YOU AND YOUR PEOPLE GENERAL MIKHAILOVITCH!
THE END
8

LEARN and LAUGH
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Inventor of the
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Your short cut two handed method enabled me, without any previous experience, to actually play a complete song from notes which only took ten minutes.
—*Joseph Rebman*

You Certainly Told the Truth

You promised to teach me to play an entire song in one lesson. Your simplified lesson enabled me, much to my surprise, to actually play with correct harmony, a popular song from start to finish.
—*Robert Cosso*

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It seems incredible that in such a short time (1 month) I am able to play popular songs of the day.
—*Violet Evans*

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ORDERS SIX MORE

I received my enlarged and colored photos today and was pleased with them. Will you please send me as soon as you can six more enlargements?

TM, Fort Devens, Massachusetts

WANTS THREE MORE

I just received the two 5x7 enlargements made by you for me and I am very much pleased with them. I am enclosing three more snapshots and would like one 5x7 enlargement of each, hand colored, leatherette frame.

BB, Sandusky, Ohio

PLEASED AT EXPERT QUALITY

I received the pictures I had enlarged at your company and was very much pleased at the expert quality work you turn out. I'm enclosing two more pictures for enlargement. I want one of each 5x7, hand colored, and leatherette frame.

LP, Fort Benning, Georgia

SURE WAS GOOD

I received my picture last week and it sure was a good one. I certainly do think you are doing a nice job on pictures and I am sending you another picture to hand color for me.

SV, Baldwin, Georgia

DELIGHTED WITH BABY PICTURE

I received my two pictures of my baby and am sure delighted with them.

LF, Clinton, Wisconsin

A BEAUTIFUL PIECE OF ART

As you remember I just had a picture enlarged 5x7 and tinted and framed. It was a beautiful piece of art, and I am really very much pleased with it. I would like to have one more made like it.

JZ, Baltimore, Maryland

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As you probably know I have been doing business with your firm quite a while and have been very much pleased with the service; so I am hoping you will do a very good job on these negatives.

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